Newport Mercury.

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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Albert Beakhust, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TENT, No. 13, Knights of Maccabees—Robert D. Wilkey, Commander; Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WANTON, No. 6370, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—James Graham, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Dence, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—John T. Allan, President; Patrick F. Reynolds, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. B Casey Sullivan, President; Miss Margaret Shea, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, Mrs. Catharine Gillies; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Hempseed. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Miss Catthcrine Curley; Secretary, Jennie Fontaine. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—John W. Schwarz, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain Sidney D. Harvey; James O. Walsh, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

CLAN MCLEOD, No. 163—John Yule, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

There was considerable business for the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, but it was disposed of rapidly and the session was not an unusually long one. The regular weekly pay rolls were approved and several minor licenses were granted. A resolution was passed authorizing the renumbering of the houses on Extension street, and also a resolution directing the city treasurer to turn over $17,893 to the sinking fund commission.

Bids were opened for furnishing $80,000 to the city in anticipation of taxes, and the contract was awarded to the Aquidneck National Bank, who were tied with a Boston banker for the lowest bid. The rate was 2.92. A petition for a sewer on the Washington street extension was referred to the street commissioner. A petition for an arc light at Spring and Webster streets was referred to the representative council. The Old Colony Street Railway Company was given permission to lay a cable in Ledge road.

There was some talk about the contract for the care of incurable cases of tuberculosis, and the city solicitor explained that the board of health would give a hearing on the application of the Newport Hospital to be allowed to use its building on Friendship street for the city patients.

Burlingame for Mayor.

Papers are out and being numerously signed for Hon. Robert S. Burlingame, now Collector of the Port, for Mayor. Mr. Burlingame is at present President of the Representative Council and is a popular officer. He will make a strong candidate and if elected will make a good official head of the city. It is the intention of his friends to get several thousand signers to his papers, enough to convince the gentleman himself that the people want him and also enough to show that there will be little chance for success on the part of any other person of his party who might have the Mayoralty bee in his bonnet.

Mr. John P. Peckham has returned from Connecticut and resumed his duties at the Newport Trust Company. His condition seems to be considerably improved.

Rev. Nassau S. Stephens, formerly rector of St. George's Church, is spending his vacation in this city.

Mrs. William P. Kelley of Meriden, Conn., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harwood E. Read.

Rain, and Then Some.

The rare June days in 1909 need to go out in the kitchen again to allow the cook to give them another five minutes over a hot fire. With killing frosts reported in some parts of the State and a succession of cold disagreeable north-easters around this section, the month of June this far will go down in history as about the worst on record. The last day of May gave promise of better things in the way of summer weather, but the promise has been completely belied by the results achieved. The wind has kept consistently to the northeast and blowing from the ice bergs that are lying off the coast of Nova Scotia has had scant time to loss any of its frigidity before striking the southern shore of Rhode Island. The wind has brought rain in altogether too generous quantities, and no one would have been surprised to see a few flakes of snow mingled with it.

It has rained almost every day since the month came in, and during that time quite a quantity of water has accumulated in the ponds and reservoirs. It has had at least one good result as the grass and foliage about the city never presented a more attractive appearance. The farmers are counting on a big hay crop if the sun will come out warm enough by and by to allow of curing the crop, but for other farm produce the weather has been altogether too wet and cold. Island strawberries would flood the market if a few days of hot sun could come to ripen the crop and put a little sweetness into the berries.

The season is backward all along the line. There are many of the large houses open in the avenue district but the summer residents are keeping pretty close to their homes and not enjoying the out door air as much as they would if the weather was more seasonable. There have already been a few excursions in, two large ones having arrived by steamers from up the river last Saturday afternoon when the rain was pouring its hardest.

Commandery Outing.

On June 24th, St. John's Day, Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., stationed at Newport, will leave here on a special car attached to the 8.10 a. m. train for Taunton; there they will be met by other Commanderies of the association and proceed by special train to East Weymouth, Mass., where they will be received by South Shore Commandery of that town. After a short parade cars will be taken by the entire party for Nantasket Beach where dinner will be served and a few hours spent in social amusement among the varied attractions of that noted resort. Then a steamer will be taken for a sail along the beautiful Massachusetts shore. The return trip from Nantasket will be made by special train. Washington Commandery expects to carry about 75 Sir Knights, and they will be accompanied by the Newport Military Band.

The Commanderies of the association besides Washington are: Calvary of Providence, Sutton of New Bedford, Bay State of Brockton, Bristol of Attleboro, St. Omer of Boston, Old Colony of Abington and South Shore of East Weymouth.

A New Bank.

Messrs. C. C. Ball, Ray G. Lewis, J. Eugene Littlefield, and John Rose, four well known citizens of Block Island, have petitioned the Comptroller of the Currency for a charter to establish a National Bank in that town to be known as the Block Island National Bank, with a capital of $25,000.00. It is expected that the bank will be in running order by July 1st. It is expected that C. C. Ball will be the first President of the Bank.

The location will be at the old harbor, and probably the building for several years used as the Mid Ocean office will be taken for that purpose. A bank in this town will be a great convenience to both the residents and summer population and ought to be profitable to its stockholders. Heretofore most of the banking business of that town has been done with the Newport banks and the Industrial Trust Company of Providence.

Asked to Newport.

It is expected that the Atlantic battleship fleet will be in here to take part in the 4th of July celebration. Senator Wetmore and Representative Sheffield have made a request for the fleet to be allowed to rendezvous here at that time if such a movement does not interfere with plans already made. The presence of this fleet will add much to the festivities of the day, and with the blue jackets joining in the parade it will give us something like an old-fashioned celebration.

Mr. Richard Langley of New York paid a flying visit to his parents a few days ago.

The Motor Boat Races.

One of the busiest men in Newport about this time is Dr. Horace P. Beck, chairman of the Motor Boat Racing Committee of the Newport Yacht Club, and his efforts are ably seconded by the active members of the committee that are associated with him. They are bending every effort to make an unqualified success of the motor boat races to be held here in August, and if hard earnest work can accomplish anything it will be done. They have received promise of a number of crack racing craft for the events, and there is little doubt but that at the last moment there will be many boats entered that have been racing elsewhere all summer.

It has been thought advisable to offer one handsome trophy for the series in the name of the citizens of Newport to be known as the Newport Cup. To this end the committee are soliciting contributions from the business men and summer residents of Newport and are meeting with much encouragement. It is expected that a cup can be offered that will be a credit to the city and to the Newport Yacht Club, under whose auspices the events will take place.

Yachtsmen everywhere admit that Narragansett Bay is admirably well qualified for such a programme of races as it is proposed to hold on the three days beginning August 11th. Nor is there any question but that these races if successfully carried out would be of very material benefit to the city. The boats that would be brought here are all very costly and their owners have to be men of means, so that during their stay considerable money will be put into circulation, to say nothing of the crowds that would be drawn to witness the events. If this first attempt can be carried through successfully it would at once become known as an annual affair to be looked forward to with as much certainty by yachtsmen everywhere as the races for the King's Cup under the auspices of the New York Yacht Club.

A Chance for Newport.

Governor Aram J. Pothier has received from a Boston promoter a communication asking what inducements the cities and towns of the State will offer a concern which manufactures automobiles and auto accessories, and which desires to locate in this State. It needs a building 100x250, two stories in height, with from 40,000 to 60,000 feet of floor space, and with opportunities for extension. The promoter stated that it would employ between 200 and 300 mechanics of the highest grade. Governor Pothier will refer the communication to the business men's associations of the various cities. Newport might get busy on this matter. A good automobile factory would be a good investment to have in our midst.

The Rhode Island Citizens Historical Association, who were to come to Newport last Saturday but were prevented by the rain, have arranged to make the trip on Saturday the 19th. They will visit all the historical places in Newport and return to Providence by the way of Portsmouth viewing on the way the Revolutionary fortifications and the battle-fields of the Revolution. This island presents a rich field for the historical student.

The two Odd Fellows' Lodges in this city have lately bought new and handsome regalias for degree work and much interest is being taken by the members in seeing that the various degrees are conferred in an interesting and impressive manner. Odd-fellowship is in a flourishing condition in this city as well as throughout the country.

The weather report for the month of May shows that there were twelve foggy days in this vicinity and that there were six thunderstorms. The average temperature for the month was 53°. The average for the month of May for twenty nine years is 52.3°. The highest temperature during the month was 72° and the lowest 40°.

The Board of Health of Newport gave a hearing last night on the petition of the Newport Hospital for permission to locate a hospital for incurable tuberculosis patients at 56 Friendship street. There were several opponents to the granting of the permission asked for.

The title of the head officer of East Greenwich Academy has been changed from that of Principal to President and Rev. C. A. Stonehouse, formerly of this city, has been chosen to the position. It is practically a re-election, only he is President now instead of Principal.

Mr. James Taylor, assistant secretary of the Army & Navy Y. M. C. A., has gone to Sandy Hook, N. J., to take charge of the Y. M. C. A. at Fort Hancock. Before his departure he was presented with a handsome gold watch and chain.

To Go Back to Prison.

Joseph Brennan, one of the famous Portsmouth car barn robbers, who was pardoned by Governor Higgins a year ago, is again in the toils. He was caught with his sponcer, one Bernard Reilly, attempting to hold up a horse trader near Albany, N. Y. By this act he has violated the terms of his release from the Rhode Island State prison and can without trial be sent back here to serve out his term. It is quite probable though that the New York authorities will desire to deal with him and his pal, for this last offense. Brennan's pardon by Governor Higgins came after a long discussion in the Senate last year and after the Governor's private secretary and Officer Griffith of this city had been sent to Albany to investigate the case.

Brennan was sentenced by Judge Wilbur to fifteen years in the State's prison for his complicity in the car barn robbery. He was at that time supposed to be "Milwaukee Red," a notorious criminal with head-quarters somewhere round Albany. The investigation proved that Brennan and Milwaukee Red were two different persons. Governor Higgins, on the ground that Brennan, who had served nine of the fifteen years' sentence, would not have received so long a term had his identity not been mistaken for another, granted the conditional pardon. His sponcer, Bernard Reilly, is a notorious character and runs a notorious ranch in Albany. In October last Officer Griffith had occasion to go to Albany on police business. He visited Reilly's place and there saw Brennan apparently acting as bar keeper or assistant for Reilly. From the appearance of the man and his surroundings he came to the conclusion that it would not be long before he was back again in the Rhode Island State prison or some other prison.

The scout cruiser Salem is again out with her sister ships after having been thoroughly overhauled in the shops at Fore River where she was built. The cruiser arrived in Narragansett Bay last Sunday and after taking on a supply of coal at Bradford sailed the next day for the Canary Islands to join the other two scouts. She will later go through her official tests for a second time, after she has been properly fitted at Boston, and it is expected that her showing will be better than it was before when her turbines were somewhat disabled.

The Gladding house on Broadway, recently bought by the Newport Hospital, has been torn down and removed by the purchaser, Hon. Henry C. Anthony of Portsmouth, and it is expected that work will commence on the home for nurses at an early date. This is to be a large brick structure capable of housing some fifty or more people and will be located on the two lots owned by the Hospital on the corner of Broadway and Friendship Street. It is expected that the building will be ready for occupancy some time this coming winter.

The Newport Coal Company has begun work on some of the radical improvements to their property, but have decided to allow the city until June 21 to decide whether or not the street is to be widened before taking steps that will prevent the use of their property for this purpose.

The steam yacht North Star, belonging to ex-Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt of the New York Yacht Club, arrived in Newport harbor direct from Europe on Monday. The owner was not on board but the yacht came here in charge of her sailing master to await orders.

Dr. T. E. P. Greene, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Greene of this city, submitted to an operation for appendicitis at the Homoeopathic Hospital, Monday night, and his condition is reported as satisfactory. He was taken suddenly ill and an operation was performed at once.

Tiverton is still contributing its quota of business to the Newport police court. Chief Manchester has had several men before the court this week on charges of drunkenness. Fines were imposed but in most cases the prisoners had to go to jail to work it out as they were without funds.

The work of registration in Newport is proceeding slowly, only a few names having been placed on the registry book at the City Hall thus far. Wednesday, June 30, is the last day for registration for this year.

The Women's Relief Corps of Rhode Island has presented to the Townsend School a fine American flag for use at the building. The presentation speech was made by Mrs. Clara Lake, department president.

Mrs. John G. Dennis and her son Master Kenneth Dennis sail to-day from Boston for Scotland where they will remain for the summer.

Liquor Dealers Instructed.

The board of license commissioners held a special meeting on Thursday evening, at which the holders of wholesale liquor licenses in the city of Newport were requested to be present. The meeting was for the purpose of conveying to the wholesale dealers the attitude of the commissioners regarding the enforcement of the liquor laws. All the members of the board took occasion to express themselves as unalterably opposed to the peddling of liquor about the city, and also the selling to retail places that had been refused licenses but which are still engaged in business. Several of the dealers also spoke their sentiments on the subject and there seemed to be no intention to break or evade the law. Mr. Horgan believed that the liquor business in Newport is well conducted, but he was perfectly willing to abide by any regulation of the commission.

The matter of peddling was first brought up, and the dealers seemed to think that this was a practice that had been worked into unconsciously without intention to break the law. Then the matter of selling to unlicensed places was talked over. Some said that they had been accustomed to sell to anybody without investigating whether or not licenses were held, and thought that it would help matters if the commission would notify them to whom they must not sell. Apparently the meeting was productive of considerable good, and the dealers learned that the commission were determined to enforce the provisions of the law in every particular.

William Ellery Chapter.

A delightful musicale was given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Jenckes on Washington street Tuesday afternoon under the auspices of William Ellery Chapter, D. A. R. The Rogers High School quartette, consisting of Messrs. Lindh, McLeod, Tallman and Freeman, with Mr. Hendy as accompanist, rendered several selections which were very well received, and spoke well for their musical talent. An interesting programme was given, and refreshments were served.

An original song, to the music of America, dedicated to William Ellery Chapter, was the closing number. The words were as follows:

Daughters of Freedom bright,
Whose fathers fought the fight
At Freedom's call;
Loyal, they forward sped,
And of their blood they shed,
While on their armies led
The flag we love.

Our starry flag so bright,
Emblem of truth and right,
O! guard it well.
Through the world far and wide
To us whate'er betide,
We'll keep our pledge beside
The flag we love.

Father, enthroned on high,
O! Be Thou ever nigh,
Our flag to save,
Thy name we ever bless,
Who art all holiness,
O! keep Thou from distress
The flag we love.

Miss Agnes E. Meenan, sister of Rev. William B. Meenan, died at St. Mary's Rectory on Monday after a considerable illness. She was a woman of true Christian spirit and was deeply beloved by all who knew her. Her death came as a severe blow to Father Meenan, with whom she has made her home for many years acting as his housekeeper and doing all in her power to bear her share of his burdens. Funeral services were held at St. Mary's Church on Thursday and the interment was in St. Mary's cemetery, a long line of warm personal friends following the remains to the grave.

It is announced that the well known firm of McMullin & Holmes of Newport and Boston has dissolved partnership. They have been engaged in business in Newport for several years, at first as proprietors of the 5 & 10 Cent Store, and after this was sold to Woolworth they opened the Bijou Theatre. A few months ago they further branched out by opening a restaurant in the Music Hall building. By the division agreement Mr. McMullin will retain ownership in the theatre and Mr. Holmes will own the restaurant.

The Narragansett Transportation Company has been compelled to give up its location at the north of Commercial wharf and has taken a lease of Lopez wharf formerly occupied by the lumber yard of Alex N. Barker & Co. Improvements will be made at once so that the new landing can be in use by the first of July.

The annual outing of the New England Manufacturing Jewelers and Silversmiths will be held in Newport next Friday, June 18th. The party is expected to arrive here a little before 3 o'clock and most of their time here will be spent at the Training Station.

St. Paul's Church of Portsmouth observed its seventy-fifth anniversary on Thursday. Special services were held, in which Rev. Dr. Porter of Newport and other clergymen took part.

Superior Court.

The June session of the Superior Court for Newport County opened in this city on Monday with Judge Baker presiding, and many members of the bar present. The first business was given up to a consideration of the docket and marking cases for trial during the session. There were brief hearings in one or two cases, and after the arrival of the attorney general the examination of the grand jurors began. Later the grand jury returned two indictments, one against John Pengellay and one against Francis Connors. The defendants will appear for trial on Monday, when the attorney general's docket will be in order.

Uncontested divorces were heard Tuesday morning. Mary A. Maycabe was given a divorce from James F. Maycabe and custody of her minor child, on the ground of desertion and neglect to provide. Elizabeth Webster of Tiverton was divorced from Joseph Webster on the ground of neglect to provide. Susan A. Edgar vs. James A. Edgar, Jr., was heard but on account of lack of sufficient evidence as to residence in this State no decision was rendered. The case was heard on depositions.

The petition of Jane Ann McKenzie vs. William W. McKenzie was also heard on depositions, and decision was given to petitioner, with custody of minor children, on the ground of continued drunkenness and neglect to provide. Alberta L. Grasty was divorced from Robert J. Grasty on the ground of desertion and neglect to provide.

In the case of Theresa L. Sowle vs. William T. H. Sowle, Mr. Levy for respondent wanted a hearing at once, having his witnesses ready. Mr. Burdick thought there was possibility of a compromise and desired to have the case go over. It was finally set for trial on July 6.

On Wednesday there was a long case for trial before the jury, of which Horatio B. Wood was appointed foreman. This was entitled Mrs. Houkan Trulsen vs. George W. and Charles H. Sullivan and involved the title to land on Levin street. Sheffield, Levy and Harvey represented the plaintiff and Clark Burdick the defendant. The case was a long and dry one, documents and records being presented for many years back. There was argument by counsel as to the admissibility of certain documents and the jury was sent out while the question was discussed. Many witnesses were heard on both sides and it was not until Thursday afternoon that the jury retired to consider the matter. A verdict was reported for the plaintiff for 10 cents, thus giving possession of the property.

Middletown.

Miss Frances Arnold, who arrived last week from West Chester, Pa., has opened her summer home "Lazy Lawn," 3d Beach Road, for the season.

Newport County Pomona Grange, No. 4, Patrons of Husbandry, will meet with Little Compton Grange on Tuesday of next week. The lecturer's hour, which is open to the public at 1.30 p. m., will include musical features and the subject—"Gems and other treasures of great price." The opening roll call will be devoted to short items of interest upon "Precious Stones."

The weekly meetings of the Berkeley Men's Club are to be discontinued through the summer.

Mrs. T. J. Emery of Cincinnati has opened her summer home "Marie Mont" on Hunnewan Hill for the season, and also that of her secretary, Mr. C. J. Livingood and family who occupy "Sea Croft" directly opposite her.

The Rhode Island State Federation of Women's clubs which will hold its annual meeting on Saturday at the Pomham Club, near Providence, is to be well represented from Middletown. The Oliphant Reading Club sends two delegates, Mrs. Clara E. Dennis and Mrs. Elisha A. Peckham, and eight other members expect to attend, also several members of the Paradise Reading Club who through belonging to the Ex-Federation Club are enabled to attend. The Paradise Club was federated at one time but withdrew from the Federation and so is not now entitled to delegates at Federation meetings.

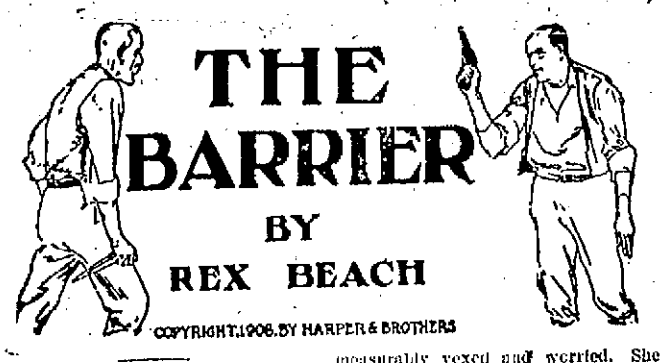
Miss Emily Nichols of Providence is spending the month at Mrs. Joseph F. Albro's, Peckham Ave.

Mrs. William R. Hunter has invited the members of the four out of town guilds, St. Paul's, St. Mary's, Holy Cross, and St. Columba's, to meet at her home, Sunnyfields Farm, on the afternoon of June 23d for a "Sewing Bee." Afternoon tea and a strawberry supper will be served at 5 o'clock. The supper will be open to the public with a charge of 25 cents but is complimentary to members of the Guild.

The annual fair for the benefit of St. Columba, the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, will be again held this year at St. George's School. The date has not yet been definitely settled but it will probably occur the last week of July or first week in August.

Rev. John B. Diman is planning a short trip abroad at the close of St. George's School, returning by July 30th.

Aquidneck Grange will hold its annual Strawberry Festival at the town hall June 24th.



THE BARRIER

BY REX BEACH

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE LOVE OF POLEON DORET.

To the girl crouching in the stern of Runnion's boat it seemed as if this day and night would never end. It seemed as if the procession of natural events must have ceased, that there was no longer any time, for she had been suffering steadily for hours and hours without end and began to wonder dreamily whether she had not skipped a day in her reckoning between the time when she first heard of the strike on her claim and this present moment. It occurred to her that she was a rich girl now in her own right, and she smiled her crooked smile as she reflected that the thing she had longed for without hope of attainment had come with confusing swiftness and had left her unhappier than ever.

Restless and tired of her lonely vigil, she gave a premonitory cough and said to her companion:

"You must be tired rowing so steadily?"

"Oh, I don't mind it!" he replied.

At the sound of his voice she sat bolt upright. It couldn't be. If this were Runnion he would have spoken before. She ventured again tremulously:

"Have you any idea what time it is?"

"About 3 o'clock, I fancy."

"Who are you?" The question came like a shot.

"Don't you know?"

"What are you doing here, Mr. Runnion?"

"I'm rowing," he answered carelessly.

"I've changed my mind, Mr. Runnion," she said. "I don't want to go down to the mission. I want you to take me back."

"Can't do it," he said. "The current is too swift."

"Then set me ashore and I'll walk back. It can't be far to town."

"Twenty-five miles. We've been out about three hours."

"Please do as I ask you, Mr. Runnion. I've decided I don't want to go any farther." He laughed, and the sound aroused her. "Put me ashore this minute!" she cried indignantly. "What do you mean?"

When he made no answer, except to continue the maddening monotony of his movements, she was seized with a

"What are you doing here, Mr. Runnion?"

rash resolve to wrench the oars out of his hands and made a quick motion toward him, at which he shouted:

"Sit down! Do you want to upset us?"

The unstable craft lurched and dipped dangerously, and, realizing the futility of her mad impulse, she sank back on her knees.

"Stark told me to board the first boat for St. Michael's," he said, "but I've made a few plans of my own the last hour or so."

"St. Michael's! Mr. Stark told you—why, that's impossible! You misunderstood him. He told you to row me to the mission. I'm going to Father Barnum's house."

"No, you're not, and I didn't misunderstand him. He wants to get you outside, all right, but I reckon you'd rather go as Mrs. Runnion than as the sweetheart of Ben Stark."

"Are you crazy?" the girl cried. "Mr. Stark kindly offered to help me reach the father at his mission. I'm nothing to him, and I'm certainly not going to be anything to you. If I'd known you were going to row the boat I should have stayed at home, because I detest you."

He rested again on his oars and said, with deliberation:

"Stark 'kindly offered,' did he? Well, whenever Ben Stark 'kindly' offers anything I'm in on the play. He's had his eye on you for the last three months, and he wants you, but he slipped a cog when he gave me the oars. You needn't be afraid, though. I'm going to do the square thing by you. We'll stop in at the mission and be married, and then we'll see whether we want to go to St. Michael's or not, though personally I'm for going back to Flambeau."

The girl's beauty, her indifference, the mistaken attitude of Stark, urged him, and, strongest of all, he was drawn by his cupidity, for she would be very rich, so the knowing ones said. Doubtless that was why Stark wanted her, and, being a man who acknowledged no fidelity to his kind or his Creator, Runnion determined to outwit his principal, Doret, Burrell and all the rest.

Necia saw what a frail and helpless thing she was. Nothing about her was great save her soul, and that was immeasurably vexed and worried. She had just lived through a grief that had made her generous, and now she gained her first knowledge of the man-animal's gross selfishness.

"You are absolutely daft," she said. "You can't force me to marry you."

"I ain't going to force you. You'll do it willingly."

"I'll die first. I'll call the first man we see. I'll tell Father Barnum, and he'll have you run out of the country. It would only take a word from me."

"If you haven't changed your mind when we get to his place I'll run through without stopping, but there isn't another priest between there and St. Mike's, and by the time we get to the mouth of the river I guess you'll say 'Yes' to most anything. However, I'd rather marry you at Holy Cross if you'll consent, and I'm pretty sure you will when you think it over."

"We won't discuss it."

"You don't understand yet," he continued slowly. "What will people say when they know you ran away with me?"

"I'll tell them the truth."

"Huh! I'm too well known. No man on the river would ever have you after that."

"You—you"— Her voice was a quiver with indignation and loathing, but her lips could not frame an epithet fit for him. He continued rowing for some time, then said:

"Will you marry me?"

"No. If this thing is ever known Poleon will kill you—or father."

For a third time he rested on his oars.

"Now that we've come to threats let me talk. I offered to marry you and do the square thing, but if you don't want to I'll pass up the formality and take you for my squaw, the same as your father took Alluna. Just remember you're alone with me in the heart of a wilderness, and you've got to make a choice quick, because I'm going ashore and make some breakfast as soon as it's light enough to choose a landing place. If you agree to come quietly and go through with this thing like a sensible girl I'll do what's right, but if you don't then I'll do what's wrong, and maybe you won't be so d——d anxious to tell your friends about this trip or spread your story up and down the river."

She saw Runnion gazing over his shoulder in search of a shelving beach or bar. They rounded a bend where the left bank crumbled before the unlifting teeth of the river, forming a bristling cheval-de-frise of leaning, fallen firs awash in the current. The short side of the curve protected a gravel bar that made downstream to a jagger-like point, and toward this Runnion propelled the skiff. The girl's heart sank.

* * * * * * *

The mind of Poleon Doret worked in straight lines. Moreover, his memory was good. Stark's statement, which so upset Gale and the lieutenant, had a somewhat different effect upon the Frenchman, for certain facts had been impressed upon his subconsciousness which did not entirely jibe with the gambler's remarks, and yet they were too dimly engraved to afford foundation for a definite theory. What he did know was that he doubted. Why? Because certain scraps of a disjointed conversation recurred to him, a few words which he had overheard in Stark's saloon, something about a Peterborough canoe and a woman. He knew every skiff that lay along the water front, and of a sudden he decided to see if this one was where it had been at dusk, for there were but two modes of egress from Flambeau, and there was but one canoe of this type. If Necia had gone up river on the freighter, pursuit was hopeless, for no boatman could make headway against the current, but if, on the other hand, that cedar craft was gone— He ran out of Stark's house and down to the river bank. It was just one chance, and, if he was wrong, no matter. The others would leave on the next up river steamer, whereas if his suspicion proved a certainty, if Stark had lied to throw them off the track and Runnion had taken her down stream—well, Poleon wished no one to hinder him, for he would travel light.

The boat was gone. He searched the line backward, but it was not there, and his excitement grew now, likewise his haste. He stumbled up to the trading post and around to the rear, where, bottom up, lay his own craft, a birch canoe, frail and treacherous for any but a man schooled in the ways of swift water. He laid it carefully in the whispering current, then stripped himself with feverish haste, for the driving call of a hot pursuit was on him, and, although it was the cold, raw hours of late night, he whipped off his garments until he was bare to the middle. He seized his paddle, stepped in, then knelt amidships and pushed away. The birch bark answered him like a living thing, leaping and lancing beneath the strokes, while rippling, rising ridges stood out upon his back and arms as they rose and fell.

* * * * * * *

Runnion drove his Peterborough toward the shore with powerful strokes and ran its nose up on the gravel, rose, stretched himself and dragged it farther out, then looked down at Necia.

"Well, what is it—yes or no? Do you want me for a husband or for a master?" She cowered in the stern, a pale, fearful creature.

She cast her despairing eyes up and down the river, then at the wilderness on either shore, but it was as silent and unpeopled as if it had been created that morning. She must have time. She would temporize, pretending to yield, and then betray him to the first comer. A promise extorted under duress would not be binding.

"I'll go quietly," she said in a faint voice.

"I knew you'd see that I'm acting square. Come!" Get the cramp out of yourself while I make a pot of coffee." He held out his hand to assist her, and she accepted it, but stumbled as she rose, for she had been crouched in one position for several hours, and her limbs were stiff. He caught her and swung her ashore. Then, instead of putting her feet to the ground, he pressed her to himself roughly and kissed her. She gave a stifled cry and fought him off, but he laughed and held her the closer.

"No, no, no!" she gasped, writhing like a wild thing, but he crushed his lips to hers again and then let her go, whereupon she drew away from him panting, disheveled, her eyes wide and filled with horror. She scrubbed her lips with the back of her hand, as if to erase his mark, while he reached into the canoe and brought forth an ax, a bundle of food and a coffeepot. Then, still chuckling, he gathered a few sticks of driftwood and built a fire. She had a blind instinct to flee and sought for a means of escape, but they were well out upon the bar that stretched a distance of 300 feet to the wooded bank. On one side of the narrow spit was the scarcely moving, half stagnant water of a tiny bay or eddy; on the other the swift, gliding current tugging at the beached canoe, while the outer end of the graveled ridge dwindled down to nothing and disappeared into the river. An instant later, when he turned to the clearer water of the eddy to fill the coffeepot, she seized her chance and sped up the bar toward the bank. The shingle underfoot and her noisy skirts betrayed her, and with an oath he followed. It was an unequal race, and he handled her with rough-strong hands when he overtook her.

"So! You fled to me! Well, I'm through with this foolishness. If you'll go back on your word like this you'll bawl me out before the priest, so I'll forget my promise, too, and you'll be glad of the chance to marry me."

"Let me go!" she panted. "I'll marry you. Yes, yes; I'll do it, only don't touch me now!"

He led her back to the fire, which had begun to crackle. She was so weak now that she sank upon the stones shivering.

"That's right. Sit down and behave while I make something hot to drink. You're all in." After a time he continued as he busied himself about his task: "Say, you ought to be glad to get me. I've got a lot of money, or I will have, and once you're Mrs. Runnion nobody'll ever know about this or think of you as a squaw."

He was still talking when the girl sprang to her feet and sent a shrill cry out over the river, but instantly he was up and upon her, his hand over her mouth, while she tore at it, screaming the name of Poleon Doret. He silenced her to a smothered, sobbing mumble and turned to see, far out on the bosom of the great soiled river, a man in a bark canoe. The craft had just swung past the bend above and was still a long way off, so far away, in fact, that Necia's signal had not reached it, for its occupant held unwaveringly to the swiftest channel, his body rising and falling in the smooth, unending rhythm of a master boatman under great haste, his arms uplifting now and then as the paddle glinted and dashed across to the opposite side.

Runnion glanced about hurriedly, then cursed as he saw no place of concealment. The Peterborough stood out upon the bar conspicuously, as did he and the girl. But the chance remained that this man, whoever he was, would pass by, for his speed was great, the river a mile in width and the bend sharp. Necia had cried Poleon's name, but her companion saw no resemblance to the Frenchman in this strange looking voyager. In fact, he could not quite make out what was peculiar about the man—perhaps his eyes were not as sharp as hers—and then he saw that the boatman was naked to the waist. By now he was drawing opposite them with the speed of a hound.

The girl, gagged and held by her captor's hands, struggled and moaned despairingly, and, crouching back of the boat, they might have escaped discovery in the gray morning light had it not been for the telltale fire—a tiny, crackling blaze no larger than a man's hat. It betrayed them. The dancing craft upon which their eyes were fixed whipped about, almost leaping from the water at one stroke, then came toward them, now nothing but a narrow thing, half again the width of a man's body. The current carried it down abreast of them, then past, and Runnion rose, releasing the girl, who cried out with all her might to the boatman. He made no sound in reply, but drove his canoe shoreward with quicker strokes. It was evident he would effect his landing near the lower end of the spit, for now he was within hearing distance and driving closer every instant.

Necia heard the gambler call:

"Sheer off, Doret! You can't land here!"

She saw a gun in Runnion's hand, and a terrible, sickening fear swept over her, for he was slowly walking down the spit, keeping abreast of the canoe as it drifted.

"Keep away or I'll fire!" threatened Runnion again, and she screamed: "Don't try it, Poleon! He'll kill you!"

At her words Runnion raised his weapon and fired. She heard the woods behind reverberate with the echoes like a sounding board, saw the white spurt of smoke and the skitter of the bullet as it went wide. It was a long shot and had been fired as a final warning, but Doret made no outcry, nor did he cease coming. Instead his paddle clove the water with the same steady strokes that took every ounce of effort in his body. Runnion threw open his gun and replaced the spent shell. On came the careening, crazy craft in a sidewise drift, and with it the girl saw coming a terrible tragedy. She started to run down the graveled ridge behind her enemy, not realizing the value or moment of her action nor knowing clearly what she would do, but as she drew near she saw Runnion raise his gun again and without thought of her own safety threw herself upon him. Again his shot went wide as he strove to hurl her off, but his former taste of her strength was nothing to this now that she fought for Poleon's life. Runnion snarled angrily and thrust her away, for he had waited till the canoe was close.

"Let me go, you devil!" he cried and aimed again. But again she ran at him. This time, however, she did not pit her strength against his, but paused, and as he undertook to fire she thrust at his elbow, then dodged out of his way. Her blow was crafty and well timed, and his shot went wild. Again he took aim, and again she destroyed it with a touch and danced out of his reach. She was nimble and light and quickened now by a cold calculation of all that depended upon her.

Three times in all she thwarted Runnion, while the canoe drove closer every instant. On the fourth, as she dashed at him, he struck to be rid of her, cursing wickedly—struck as he would have struck at a man. Silently she crumpled up and fell, a pitiful, draggled, awkward little figure sprawled upon the rocks. But the delay proved fatal to him, for, though the canoe was close against the bank and the huge man in it seemed to offer a mark too plain to be missed, he was too close to permit careful aim. Runnion heard him giving utterance to a

They grappled and fought, alone and unseen.

strange, feral, whining sound, as if he were crying like a fighting boy. Then as the gambler raised his arm the Canadian lifted himself up on the bottom of the canoe until he stood stretched to his full height and leaped. As Runnion fired he sprang out and was into the water to his knees, his backward kick whirling the craft from underneath him out into the current, where the river seized it. He had risen and juniped all in one moment, launching himself at the shore like a panther. The gun roared again, but Poleon came up and on with the rush of the great brown grizzly that no missile can stop. Runnion's weapon blazed in his face, but he neither felt nor heeded it, for his bare hands were upon his quarry, the impact of his body hurling the other from his feet, and neither of them knew whether any or all of the last bullets had taken effect.

Poleon had come, like an arrow, straight for his mark the instant he glimpsed it, an insensate, unreasoning, raging thing that no weight of lead nor length of blade could stop. In his haste he had left Flambeau without weapon of any kind, for in his mind such things are superfluous, and he had never fought with any but those God gave him nor found any living thing that his hands could not master. Therefore he had rushed headlong against this armed and waiting man, reaching for him ever closer and closer till the burning powder stung his eyes. They grappled and fought, alone and unseen, and yet it was no fight, for Runnion, though a vigorous, heavy muscled man, was beaten down, smothered and crushed beneath the onslaught of this great naked fellow, who all the time sobbed and whined and mewed in a panting fury.

They swung half across the spit to the farther side, where they fell in a fantastic convulsion, slipping and sliding and rolling among the rocks that smote and gouged and bruised them. The gambler fought for his life against the naked flesh of the other, against the distorted face that snapped and bit like the muzzle of a wolf, while all the time he heard that fearful, inarticulate note of blood hunger at his ear. The Canadian's clinched hands crushed whatever they fell upon as if mailed with metal. The fingers were like tearing tongs that could not be loosed. It was a frightful combat, hideous from its inequality, like the battle of a man against a maddened beast whose teeth tore and whose claws ripped, whose every move was irresistible. And so it was over shortly.

Poleon rose and ran to the fallen girl, leaving behind him a huddled and twisted likeness of a man. He picked her up tenderly, meaning and crooning. But as her limp head lolled back, throwing her pale, blind features up to the heavens, he began to cry, this time like a woman. Tears fell from his eyes—burning tears, the agony of which seared his soul. He laid her carefully beside the water's edge, and, holding her head and shoulders in the crook of his left arm, he wet his right hand and bathed her face, crouching over her, half nude, dripping with the sweat of his great labors, a tender, palpitating figure of bronzed muscle and sinew, with all his fury and hate replaced by apprehension and pity. The short moments that he worked with her were ages to him, but she revived beneath his ministrations, and her first frightened look of consciousness was changed to a melting smile.

"W-what happened, Poleon?" she said. "I was afraid."

He stood up to his full height, shaking and weak as the water that dripped from him, the very bones in him dissolved. For the first time he uttered words, "T'ank God, ba gosh!" and ran his hand up over his wet face.

"Where is he?" She started to her knees affrightedly; then, seeing the twisted, sprawling figure beyond, began to shudder. "He—he's dead?"

"I don't know," said Poleon carelessly. "You feel it purty good now, eh, w'at?"

"Yes—I—he struck me!" The remembrance of what had occurred surged over her, and she buried her face in her hands. "Oh, Poleon, Poleon! He was a dreadful man."

"He don' trouble you no more."

"He tried—he— Ugh! I—I'm glad you did it!" She broke down, trembling at her escape, until her selfishness smote her, and she was up and beside him on the instant. "Are you hurt? Oh, I never thought of that! You must be wounded."

The Frenchman felt himself over and looked down at his limbs for the first time. "No; I guess not," he said, at which Necia noticed his meager attire, and simultaneously he became conscious of it. He fell away a pace, casting his eyes over the river for his canoe, which was now a speck in the distance.

"Ba gosh! I'm h—l of a thing for lookin' at," he said. "I'm paddle hard; dat's w'y. Sacre, how I sweat!" He hitched nervously at the band of his overalls, while Necia answered:

"That's all right, Poleon." Then, without warning, her face froze with mingled repulsion and wonder. "Look, look!" she whispered, pointing past him.

Runnion was moving slowly, crawling painfully into a sitting posture, uplifting a terribly mutilated face, dazed and half conscious, groping for possession of his wits. He saw them and grimaced frightfully, cowering and cringing.

Poleon felt the girl's hand upon his arm and heard her crying in a hard, sharp voice:

"He needs killing! Put him away!"

He stared down at his gentle Necia and saw the loathing in her face and the look of strange ferocity as she met his eyes boldly.

"You don't know what he—what he did," she said through her shut teeth. "He"— But the man waited to hear no more.

Runnion saw him coming and scrambled frantically to all fours, then got on his feet and staggered down the bar. As Poleon overtook him he cried out piteously, a shrill scream of terror, and, falling to his knees, groveled and debased himself like a foul cripple at fear of the lash. His agony dispelled the savage taint of Alluna's aboriginal training in Necia, and the pure white blood of her ancestors cried out:

"Poleon, Poleon—not that!" She hurried after him to where he paused above the wretch waiting for her. "You mustn't!" she said. "That would be murder, and—and—it's all over now."

The Frenchman looked at her wonderingly, not comprehending this sudden leniency.

"Let him alone. You've nearly killed him. That's enough." Whereat Runnion, broken in body and spirit, began to beg for his life.

"W'at's dat you say jus' now?" Doret asked the girl. "Was dat de truth for sure w'at you speak?"

"Yes, but you've done your work. Don't touch him again."

He hesitated, and Runnion, quick to observe it, added his entreaty to hers.

"I'm beaten, Doret. You broke me to pieces. I need help—I—I'm hurt."

"W'at you 'spec' I do wit' 'im?" the Canadian asked, and she answered:

"I suppose we'll have to take him where he can get assistance."

"Dat skiff ain' carry all t'ree of us."

"I'll stay here," groaned the frightened man. "I'll wait for a steamer to pick me up, but for God's sake don't touch me again!"

Poleon looked him over carefully and made up his mind that the man was more injured in spirit than in body, for outside of his battered muscles he showed no fatal symptoms. Although the voyageur was slower to anger than a child, a grudge never died in him, and his simple, self taught creed knew no forgiveness for such men as Runnion, cherished no mercy for preying men or beasts. He glanced toward the wooded shores a stone's throw above, then back at the coward he had beaten and whose life was forfeit under the code. There was a queer light in his eyes.

"Leave him here, Poleon. We'll go away, you and I, in the canoe, and the first boat will pick him up. Come." Necia tugged at his wrist for fear she might not prevail, but he was bent on brushing away a handful of hungry mosquitoes which, warmed by the growing day, had ventured out on the river. His face became wrinkled and set.

"Bien!" he grunted. "We lef' 'im here because dere ain't 'nough room in de batteau, eh? All right. Dat's good t'ing. But he's seeck man, so mebbe I feex it him nice place for stop till dem boats come."

"Yes, yes. Leave me here. I'll make it through all right," begged Runnion.

"Better you camp yonder on de point, w'ere you can see dose steamboat w'en she comes roun' de ben'. Dis is bad place." He indicated the thicket, a quarter of a mile above which run out almost to the cut bank. "Come. I help you get feex."

Runnion shrank from his proffered assistance half fearfully, but, reassured, allowed the Frenchman to help him toward the shore.

"We tell it de first boat 'bout you an' dey pick you up. You wait here, Necia."

The girl watched her rescuer guide Runnion up to the level of the woods,

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

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Sundays, 8.50 a. m. Then same as week days, save 8.00.

Returning, leave City Hall, Fall River, for Newport via Tiverton, Portsmouth and Middletown, 6.10 a. m., then ten and fifty minutes past the odd hour and half past the even hour until 10.30 p. m., then 11.25 p. m.

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Middletown and Portsmouth—5.55, 8.47, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

Tiverton—5.55, 8.47, x8.10, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

Middleboro—5.55, 11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

Hyannis—5.55, 11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

Provincetown—5.55, a11.02 a. m.

Plymouth—5.55, 11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

New Bedford—5.55, 8.47, 8.10, 11.02 a. m., 3.02, 5.13 p. m.

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THE BARRIER

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

then disappear with him in the bush, and was relieved to see the two emerge upon the river bank again farther on, for she had feared for an instant that Poleon might forget. There seemed to be no danger, however, for he was crashing through the brush in advance of the other, who followed laboriously. Once Runnion gained the high point he would be able to command a view of both reaches of the river and could make signals to attract the first steamboat that chanced to come along. Without doubt a craft of some sort would pass from one direction or the other by tomorrow at latest, or, if not, she and Poleon could send back succor to him from the first habitation they encountered. The two men disappeared again, and her fears had begun to prey on her a second time when she beheld the big Canadian returning. He was hurrying a bit, apparently to be rid of the mosquitoes that swarmed about him, and she marked that, in addition to whipping himself with a handful of blackberry bushes, he wore Runnion's coat to protect his shoulders.

"Woof! Dose skeeter bug is hongry," he cried.

"Dis nice batteau," Poleon remarked critically; "I mak' it go fas'," and began to row swiftly, seeking the breeze of the open river in which to shake off the horde of stinging pests that had risen with the sun. "I come way queerk wit'out t'inkin' 'bout gun or skeeter net or not'in'. Runnion she's len' me dis coat, so mebbe I don' look so worse lak I do jus' now, eh?"

"How did you leave him? Is he badly injured?"

"No; I bus' it up on de face an' de rib, but she's feelin' good now. Yes, I'm leave 'im nice place for stop an' wait on de steamboat—plaintee spruce bough for set on."

She began to shudder again, and, sensitive to her every motion, he asked solicitously if she were sick, but she shook her head.

"I—I—was thinking what—supposing you hadn't come! Oh, Poleon, you don't know what you saved me from." She leaned forward and laid a thin, grateful hand on the huge brown paw that rested on his oar. "I wonder if I can ever forget!"

She noted that they were running with the current and inquired:

"Where are we going?"

"Wan', I can't pull dis boat 'gainst dat current, so I guess we pass on till I fin' my shirt, den bimeby we pick it up some steamboat an' go home."

Five miles below his quick eye detected his half submerged "bark" lodged beneath some overhanging firs which from the water's action had fallen forward into the stream, and by rare good fortune it was still upright, although awash. He towed it to the next sand bar, where he wrung out and donned his shirt, then tipped the water from the smaller craft and, making it fast astern of the Peterborough, set out once more. Toward noon they came in sight of a little stern wheeled craft that puffed and pattered manfully against the sweeping current, hiding behind the potats and bars and following the slackest water.

"It's the mission boat!" cried Neela. "It's the mission boat! Father Barnum will be aboard."

She waved her arms madly and mingled her voice with Poleon's until a black robed figure appeared beside the pilothouse.

"Father Barnum!" she screamed, and, recognizing her, he signaled back.

Soon they were alongside, and a pair of Siwash deck hands lifted Neela aboard, Doret following after, the painter of the Peterborough in his teeth. He dragged both canoes out of the boiling tide and laid them bottom up on the forward deck, then climbed the narrow little stairs to find Neela in the arms of a benignant, white haired priest, the best beloved man on the Yukon, who broke away from the girl to greet the Frenchman, his kind face alight with astonishment.

"What is all this I hear? Slowly, Doret, slowly! My little girl is talking too furiously for these poor old wits to follow. I can't understand. I am amazed. What is this tale?"

Together they told him, while his blue eyes now opened wide with wonder, now grew soft with pity, then blazed with indignation. When they had finished he laid his hand upon Doret's shoulder.

"My son, I thank God for your good body and your clean heart. You saved our Neela, and you will be rewarded. As to this—this—man Runnion, we must find him, and he must be sent out of the country."

It required some pressure to persuade the Frenchman, but at last he consented, and as the afternoon drew to a close the little steamboat came squattering and wheezing up to the bar where Runnion had built his fire that morning, and a long, shrill blast summoned him from the point above. When he did not appear the priest took Poleon and his round faced, silent crew of two and went up the bank, but they found no sign of the crippled man—only a few rags, a trampled patch of brush at the forest's edge, and that was all. The springy moss showed no trail. The thicket gave no answer to their cries, although they spent an hour in a scattered search and sounded the steamboat's whistle again and again.

"He's try for walk it back to camp," said Doret. "Mebbe he ain' hurt so much, after all."

"You must be right," said Father Barnum. "We will keep the steamer close to this shore, so that he can hail us when we overtake him."

And so they resumed their toilsome trip, but mile after mile fell behind them, and still no voice came from the woods—no figure hailed them. Doret, inscrutable and silent, lounged against the pilothouse smoking innumerable cigarettes which he rolled from squares of newspaper, his keen eyes apparently scanning every foot of their slow way, but when night fell at last and the bank faded from sight he tossed the last butt overboard, smiled grimly into the darkness and went below.

TO BE CONTINUED.

STEALING A SIGN.

That Was the Policeman's Charge, but It Was Not Sustained.

Stealthily the policeman stole out from behind the side door of the saloon and quickly pounced on some Columbia college boys who were carrying a long board sign that had hung over some tobacconist's shop. The youths protested against the officer's interference, but he told them that they would find it a hard job to turn little old New York into a college town, and off to the lockup they went, college boys, sign and all.

"What's the charge?" asked the sergeant as he looked out at the aggregation of the coming great men of learning.

"Stealing a sign," answered the cop as some of the boys bunged it into the station house, where it reposed against the wall.

"We did not steal it," spoke up one of the youths; "we only borrowed it."

The sergeant turned to the cop and told him to call up the owner and find out what the true state of the case was. The policeman read the sign slowly and then turned to the telephone book to look up the owner.

"Hello! Did you lose a sign?" And the answer made the policeman scratch his head.

"What did he say?" asked the waiting sergeant. The reserves were beginning to grin, and the policeman looked very uncomfortable.

"It is all right," he said, scowling at the youths. "The owner says they rented the sign for the night and are to return it tomorrow morning when he is ready to do business again."

A shout went up from the youths as they were ordered out of the station, and they took up their triumphal march and sought out some other unsuspecting cop to dupe, and far down the street came back their triumphal yell:

"C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a!"

The cop laughed to himself as he started out again on his beat, and a friend at his side asked him the cause of his merriment.

"The owner of the sign was mad all the way through and wanted me to hold the sign. He had rented it all right, but he said that was the third time he had been called out of bed tonight, for the boys had been pulled in in three other precincts, but as long as I was a goat for him I thought I would tet the rah-rah boys have some more fun with some other cop and sent them on their way."—New York Press.

AN UNSOCIABLE LOT.

What Mr. Thomas Thought of the Crowd in New York.

Mr. Thomas crunched a fresh stick of birch into his little stove and closed the door, which John Arnold had left ajar on his entrance. The tiny shoe shop thus became air tight. Then the proprietor replied to John's question of what he thought of New York.

"I can tell ye in 'mazing few words," he said. "It's considerable of a place. Lots doing an' splendid big buildings an' schools an' churches an' all that. They think they're some punkins too. An' I ain't saying that there ain't plenty of real smart ones there. Spite of all that, though, I call 'em kind o' ignorant, besides being cold in their manners."

"I want to know!" commented John, visibly impressed by this recital.

"I'll tell ye," continued Mr. Thomas. "Brother Tom's boy's office is down near the big Brooklyn bridge, and I used to go down there and set a good deal while my wife visited with his wife up in Harlem.

"When it come what they call rush hour I used to go down an' stand on the bridge an' watch 'em passing by, hundreds of 'em, on their way home, an' I got to feel real friendly an' to know lots of 'em by sight. But"—

Mr. Thomas paused impressively—"but, although I didn't miss an aft'noon whilst I was there, na' that was two weeks, nary one o' them men ever give me a single glance of recognition.

"It wa'n't my place to speak first, me being a stranger an' they home, so to speak. I wa'n't going to push myself; but, I tell ye what, John, two or three times I had to hold on to myself to keep from telling of 'em just what I thought of such unfriendly ways.

"'Why,' says I to Brother Tom's boy, 'how long do you s'pose one o' them would be at Tunkett Corners before we knew him well enough to nod to an' found out his name?'"—Youth's Companion.

Rhinoceros a Bad Foe.

While easily stalked, the rhinoceros is a dangerous customer, as most men will agree who have hunted him. If the rhinoceros gets one's scent he almost invariably charges, often probably from sheer curiosity, but that does not make him any the easier to dispose of. Moreover, he runs and turns at a speed inconceivable in a beast of his vast bulk. Against his massive, sloping head the heaviest bullet is a mere flea bite, leaving no possibility of a stopping shot except with a hard nose ball sent fairly into the heart through the chest. An alternative is to stand absolutely motionless, when with his bad eyesight there is a possibility he may mistake you for a tree and veer past. Indeed, the best ruse in the crisis of any charge is to stand fast and still, for even the unwounded lion sometimes swerves in his charge and retires before a man who has the nerve to wait his coming.—Edgar Beecher Bronson in Century.

Effect of Fear.

A vigorous young greengrocer, aged twenty-seven, was arrested on a Tuesday on charges of drunkenness and assaulting a policeman, who was assisted in securing him by a Mr. Lyons. On Wednesday it was announced in court that Mr. Lyons was dead, and the greengrocer was remanded to see whether the coroner's jury would hold him in any way responsible for the tragedy. By Saturday it had been found that Mr. Lyons' death was due to heart disease of long standing, but meanwhile the agonizing suspense had aged the young prisoner terribly, his black hair having become completely white.—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE SMART DRUMMER.

There Was Something Coming to Him, and He Got It.

"Gentlemen," said the drummer of druggists' sundries as he looked around on the half dozen men who were asking him for the latest story, "I believe I have felt about 400 different feelings in my life, and the balmiest one of all was the feeling that I had something coming to me and would get it if I stayed on the road long enough."

"And have you got it?" was asked.

"I have. I got it coming into Chicago. I was very comfortable in my Pullman when a young man came along and told me a pitiful story and wanted me to buy his diamond ring. The game is older than the hills, and I was on in a minute—bogus story and bogus diamond; willing to sell me a $200 ring for $30. I asked him where the green spot was in my eye, and while I was pluming myself the man in the other part of the section pulled out three tens and pocketed the ring. Did I look down upon him with pity and contempt? Did I smile? Did I grin? Did I ask him where his guardian was? Oh, yes—oh, yes, and he spoke up and claimed that the stones were diamonds and the ring well worth 200 plunks. It nettled me to see the ass so cocksure and to hear him say that of course I was no judge of diamonds, and I put up $50 that he'd been done for. The conductor held the money, and when we got into town we made for a jewelry store. We took in four of 'em before I laid down. Same story in each place—ring worth $200.

"And you lost your $50?"

"Slick as slick."

"And there was a game in it?"

"Of course, you camel. Seller and buyer were confederates, and they probably worked the scheme six days a week. If I'd got ready to buy, some excuse would have been made to head me off. Yes, gentlemen. I had something coming to me, and I got it, and I feel relieved."—Baltimore American.

EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

How Hunters Dress Where There Is No Dawn and No Dusk.

We wore khaki for daytime and warm clothes for night when sitting around the camp, as after the sun goes down a great chill immediately settles down that makes winter clothing and a good big fire most essential.

During the daytime we always wore pith helmets, although sometimes early in the morning and late in the afternoon, when the sun is not at its maximum, a double felt hat may be substituted. It is far more comfortable than the helmet.

As additional protection we wore sun pads which covered the spine. These are merely heavy quilted strips that reach from the collar to below the shoulders, as we were advised that the effect of the sun was just as deadly at this point as on the head. I do not know what maximum the thermometer would reach in the sun, as I was afraid to leave it exposed when it got higher than a little above 150 degrees, as beyond that point there was great danger of breaking it. In the shade the temperature would be usually from 85 to 100 degrees, but there was always a breeze blowing, and the dryness of the air cooled one off quite rapidly as soon as one got out of the sun. It was always cold in the morning when we started out at the first peep of light, and we were usually shivering for a few minutes prior to the sun's appearance. Day does not dawn in equatorial Africa, but it bursts! It is dark one minute and full sunlight the next, and the reverse occurs in the evening, for the sun goes down and night comes on as if a curtain had suddenly been drawn down over the west, and the chill of night begins instantly.—Percy C. Madeira in Metropolitan Magazine.

The Boatswain's Judgment.

It was somewhere in this wide, wide world, just where has slipped my mind, and they were about to buy beef on hoof for the ships. So the officer whose duty it is to make the purchase took ashore with him the bo'sn, as representing the crew, to look over the animals and either object or not. They approached the first animal.

"How will that do?" asked the officer.

The bo's'n cautiously approached the beast, bent down and gingerly ran his thumb and forefinger down first one shank and then the other until the whole four shanks had been examined. Straightening up he said:

"He'll do all right, sir."

The officer, flabbergasted, cried:

"But, dash it all, you can't tell the good points of a bullock by the shanks!"

"Perhaps not, sir, but they're the only parts we ever gets, sir," was the reply.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Sinister Comment.

"That new neighbor of ours asked us to let him use our hatchet and our clothesline," said Sirius Barker's wife.

"Did you give him the hatchet?"

"Yes; the one that has nicks in it and a wabbly handle."

"And did you give him the clothesline that has been tied together in eight places?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's a case of borrowing trouble, all right."—Washington Star.

Russian Princesses.

In Russia the term "princess" does not mean very much, for, the simple reason that there are so many of them and that it is never a royal title. All the female descendants of a prince of a certain rank are princesses, and the result is that many princesses are as poor and of as little account as any ill used princess of a fairy tale. The real royal princesses of Russia are styled grand duchesses. They are the daughters and sisters of the czar.

Their Real Duty.

"I was just reading of a man who has a hen that can sing; another man has a hen which whistles and imitates various birds."

"I don't care for those vaudeville hens. A hen should stick to the legit and lay eggs."—Kansas City Journal.

The Model Army of the World.

What army was the strongest of its time? Judging by results, the Roman army was so from the fifth century B. C. onward until the division of the empire. Its fighting organization was as complete as and possibly more practical than that of any army of today. It was based on a territorial system which maintained the comradeship of locality without bringing it into antagonism with that of the corps, for each of the thirty-five Roman "tribes" was required to furnish to each legion four "centuries" of 120 men, each of which worked together as a local unit. The legion was divided into five cohorts or battalions, of which three were troops of the line, two were a kind of militia and the fifth was a depot battalion. For almost eight centuries the army thus constituted not only conquered the then known world, but acted as explorers beyond its limits and at the same time made and unmade kings and emperors in Rome itself.—Pearson's Weekly.

Too Well Done.

Mrs. Elliphalet Howe of Centerville had never encountered "Hamlet" either in the pursuit of literature or on the stage up to the time of her first visit to her Boston niece. On that occasion she was taken by the niece and her husband to see a performance of the play.

"How did you like it, Aunt Jane?" asked her nephew-in-law as he piloted the old lady up the aisle by her elbow when the performance was over.

"If that's what you call a 'play,' I call it hard work," said Aunt Jane indignantly. "How you and Nettie can sit calm in your seats and see such heartless doings is beyond me. Why, that Hamlet man looked so sick I shouldn't have been surprised if he hadn't lived to finish out his talking. And by the expression of those other folks I'll venture to say they felt the same. I had my smelling salts all ready in case o' need from the first minute he came on to the platform."

The Finicky Humor of Leschetizky.

Some amusing stories are told of Leschetizky, the great piano teacher, whose comic spirit is one of the predominating features of his character. It is well known that he is a man of strong likes and dislikes. When an American pianist a dozen or so years ago went to Vienna to study with him he wore his hair long, a habit much affected at that time by the aspiring young artist. So greatly did his general appearance annoy the professor that at the end of the first lesson the student received instructions to go and have his hair cut short. Although loath to part with his locks, the young pianist nevertheless obeyed and turned up at the next lesson with his hair cut in the conventional way. Still Leschetizky was not satisfied. "There is something about you that I don't like!" cried the professor. "Your ears are too long. Have them cut off and let your hair grow again!"—Smith's Magazine.

Electrical Discharges From Plants.

The atmosphere surrounding our earth is known to be electrified, and its charges are bound to play an important part in many phenomena. Atmospheric electrification thus is responsible for the formation of rain and hail, and, while fine weather generally is characterized by the presence of positive electricity, a change in the weather is generally accompanied by a change in the sign of atmospheric electricity. That the electrification of the air does exert some influence on plant growth is inferred from the fact that electrified plants, under the influence of sunshine, can give off electricity from the leaves, and as the air is naturally electrified relatively to the soil all plants are bound to be in a constant state of slow electrical discharge which is made active on the rising of the sun.—Technical World Magazine.

Helped Out.

A grocery clerk in a small town had been considerably bored one day by solicitors for church fairs, raffles, charity and other purposes and was getting disgusted when a small, red haired urchin came in and asked him if he could help him out with a baseball glove.

"Got the glove with you?" asked the impatient clerk.

"Er—no," answered the urchin.

"Then," said the irritable clerk as he caught him by the neck and trousers, "I'll help you out without it!"—Judge.

In a Dilemma.

"A necklace of diamonds has been stolen from me!" said Mrs. Cumrox.

"Aren't you going to notify the police?"

"I don't know what to do. It does seem rather classy to be robbed of jewelry, and yet I hate to have people think that I'd ever miss a little thing like a necklace."—Washington Star.

Exclusive.

"Where do the Hottentots live, Mary?" a schoolteacher asked one of her pupils.

"I don't know, 'm," said Mary primly. "Ma won't let me visit any of the people in this neighborhood."

The Exceptions.

"Binks has a fine new apartment."

"Everything stationary in it, I suppose."

"Absolutely everything—except his wife and the cook."—Harper's Bazar.

Cynical.

Silicus—Do you think it is possible for one woman to make another woman perfectly happy? Cynicus—Oh, yes, simply by envying her.—Philadelphia Record.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.—Thomas Carlyle.

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

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Fall and Winter Woolens,

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Diastasic Extract of Malt.

This preparation represents the best and most nutritious form of MALT, containing a large percentage of diastase and extractives united together with a minimum amount of alcohol. It is especially adapted to promote digestion of starchy food converting it into dextrine and glucose, in which form it is easily assimilated, forming fat.

It will be found invaluable in Weakness, Chronic Debility, Dyspepsia, (due to organic disease or infirmity), Nervous Exhaustion Anæmia, Malnutrition, etc.

To Nursing Mothers it wonderfully increases strength, aiding lactation, and supplying sugar and phosphates to the milk, whereby the infant is nourished.

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DIRECTIONS—A wineglassful with each meal and on going to bed, or as may be directed by the Physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste. Children in proportion to age.

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These tiny CAPSULES are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs or Injections, and RELIEVES in 24 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience.

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WATER.

ALL PERSONS, desirous of having water introduced into their residence or places of business, should make application at the office, Marlboro street, near Thames.

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Original and Only Genuine. SAFE. Always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggist for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH, in RED and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Refuse Dangerous Substitutions and Imitations. Buy of your Druggist, or send 4c. in stamps for Particulars, Testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Sold by all Druggists. Chi-ches-ter Chemical Co. Mention this paper. Madison Square, PHILA., PA.

Price of Coke

From June 15, 1908.

Prepared, delivered,

36 bushels, $4.50

18 bushels, $2.25

Common, delivered,

36 bushels, $3.50

18 bushels, $1.75

Price at works,

Prepared, 75c. a bushel, $10 for 100 bushels

Common, 95c. a bushel, $8 for 100 bushels

Orders left at the Gas Office, 181 Thames street, or at Gas Works will be filled promptly.

Worse Yet.

In a certain restaurant the electric lights were suddenly extinguished. When they were turned on again after a few moments a lady whispered to her companion:

"Somebody kissed me!"

"Yes, and somebody took my veal cutlet!" replied the other bitterly.—Bohemian.

"Has the son you sent away to college got his degree yet?"

"I should say so. Why, he wrote that last week the faculty had called him in and given him the third degree. That boy's ambitious."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"Do you think you could manage with my salary of $12 a week, darling?" he asked, after she had said yes.

"I'll try, Jack," replied she, "but, what will you do?"—Universalist Leader.

"When I was a boy," said the severe parent, "I walked five miles to school every day."

"Too bad," answered the flippant youth; "with proper training you might have qualified for a Marathon race."—Washington Star.

Established by Franklin in 1758.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 181
House Telephone 1010

Saturday, June 12, 1909.

New York has been shipping wheat to the west. That would seem to be like carrying coals to Newcastle.

Expert statisticians estimate that the new tariff bill about to be completed in the Senate will add $10,000,000 to the government revenues.

The Presbyterian General Assembly has resolved against smoking either by clergy or laity. We fear that they will have to take it out in "resolves."

Summer seems to be a long time in making its approach. It will come though by and by, and probably be hot enough to make up for its dilatoriness.

James J. Hill's suggestion that Congress shall take a four years' rest may be good, but, like a great many other good things in these days, it is unconstitutional.

The registration of voters is coming on very slowly all over the State. Neither party seems to be doing much in the line of educating the people to their duties as citizens. There are but a few days left in which registration can be done. After June 30 it will be too late. There will be several important elections this fall.

The decision of the U. S. Supreme Court against the sheriff and others in Tennessee for allowing the mob to lynch a negro who was in jail waiting a new trial has had good effect already. The State court in Alabama has removed a white sheriff for failing to take proper measures to prevent the lynching of a negro prisoner.

The Hearst papers are calling ex-Candidate Hisgen a "quitter." This means that he knows when he has had enough. Maybe it would be better for Mr. Bryan if he had a little of this sort of sense. And then, again, maybe it wouldn't. By keeping in the fight he sells more papers and gets more orders for Chautauquan lectures.

The Republicans won in the town elections this week in Coventry, Narragansett, West Greenwich, Smithfield and Glocester. It looks as though the boasted uprising against the Republican party in the country towns of this State would not materialize just yet. The country towns can be relied on to know what party has done the most for the State.

President Taft with his diplomatic manner of masking very definite purposes has let it be known that in one way or another certain results are desirable, and that he has a direct responsibility to the people in reference to such results which he is going to meet as best he can. In one respect his attitude has been very out-spoken, namely, in reference to the matter of economy in expenditures. And it looks as though this is to be in reality an administration for economy. We wish him success in his endeavors.

Consistency is a jewel not worn to any appreciable extent by the Democratic newspapers. Here we have the Providence Tribune, once a respectable Republican paper, now condemning the Republican party in one column because the Republican board of registration in Providence will not put itself on wheels, and cart its books into all parts of the city, for the benefit of the registry voter, and in another column in the same paper, it declares that if it were not for the registry voter the Republican party would be wiped off the boards.

It is amusing to read the Providence papers on the mornings after any town election in this State. If the Republican party carries the town it is the "triumph of the machine." In the few cases where the Democrats win it is the "progress of reform." For instance witness the heading for the town election in Coventry where the Republicans elected all the officers. The Journal says "The machine won out in Coventry yesterday by practically the same majority as in previous years." It is curious how black things look that one does not want to see. It would appear that there has been a concentrated effort this year in the various towns in the State holding June elections to get together all the disgruntled elements to oppose the Republican tickets for the effect it might have on the fall election. The effort has been a signal failure.

The representative council is called together for next Monday night to consider the question of widening Thames street opposite the Post-office, where the Herald building now stands. We are and always have been in favor of a general widening of Thames street, but we believe that it should be done on a general plan that should embrace the entire street, we believe that when this widening is done not less than fifteen feet should be added to the roadway and sidewalks. We do not believe that the small portion under consideration is worth what it will cost, and it will be better to let the matter drop till such time as the city is willing to take up the whole street on a liberal plan. We believe if the street had been widened twenty-five years ago that it would have paid for itself several times over before now.

Government Expenses.

Government receipts for the month of May amounted to $53,332,310, an increase of over $1,200,000 as compared with those for the preceding month, and of over $10,600,000 as compared with those for May of last year. The expenditures for the month amounted to $53,786,265, an increase of over $8,700,000 as compared with those for April, and of over $4,100,000 as compared with those for May, 1908. There was, as will be seen from a comparison of the figures, an excess of expenditures over receipts amounting to $5,453,955. The receipts for the eleven months ending with May amounted to $516,360,800, a little over $1,000,000 less than for the corresponding period of the preceding fiscal year. The expenditures for the eleven months' period amounted to $644,218,402, an increase of over $34,200,000 as compared with the corresponding period of the fiscal year preceding. The deficit for the eleven months amounted to $97,858,102, which was greater by over $34,200,000 than for the like period in the fiscal year 1907-08. The receipts from customs showed a noteworthy increase over those for May, 1908—an increase amounting to over $8,400,000. Internal revenue receipts also showed a gain, though a very much smaller one. There are intimations in advices from Washington that the Treasury intends to strengthen its working balance by calling upon the depository banks to return a considerable part of their present holdings.

R. I. State College.

Commencement week at the Rhode Island State College at Kingston begins to-day. The following is the programme for the week:

Saturday, June 12, Interclass Field Meet, 2 P. M., Fair Grounds, West Kingston. Debate for the Kingston Prize, 8.00 P. M.

Sunday, June 13, Baccalaureate Address, The Conservation of Intangible Resources, 4.00 P. M., President Howard Edwards.

Cantata, The Holy City, Conducted by M. F. Perry. Soloists—Miss Mary E Charles, Soprano; Dr. Arthur de Guichard, Bass; Miss Esther Johnson, Contralto; Mr. Bernard A. Ahrens, Tenor; Village Church, 7.45 P. M.

Monday, June 14, Class Day exercises, 2.30 P. M.

Tuesday, June 15, Battalion drill, with competitive individual drill, 9.30 A. M.

Commencement Exercises, 11.15 A. M. Oration, Agriculture as a Career, Dean Eugene Davenport, College of Agriculture, University of Illinois.

Address by His Excellency Governor Aram J. Pothier.

The exercises of the week, except where otherwise stated, will be held in or near Lippitt Hall.

There are four States where women have the same political rights as men. They are Colorado, Idaho, Utah and Wyoming. The right to vote on some or all school questions is granted to women in Arizona, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Idaho, Kentucky, Kansas, Michigan, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Ohio, Utah, South Dakota, Vermont, Wyoming and Wisconsin. In Great Britain equal suffrage prevails in all matters excepting elections to Parliament. Full suffrage is granted women in Australia, New Zealand, the Isle of Man, Finland and Norway.

Rear Admiral Sebree says of the navy: "We want ships. We want more of them. We ought to be building three or four Dreadnoughts every year. I don't say we should lay down ten Dreadnoughts at once, but we should see that some are started every year. I don't think that a greater fleet is so particularly necessary on the Pacific coast. We are not going to have war with the Japanese, at least not the kind you mean. But almost any foreign country could land an army in New York, San Francisco or Seattle."

The death of Edward Everett Hale removes one of the grandest men of modern public life. Author, preacher, journalist, reformer, chaplain of the United States Senate—his life had been devoted to activity in the cause of progress and right. His place will long remain vacant.

Five hundred pianos were found in the sultan's palace when the army of the Young Turks invaded it. Music had not the charm to soothe a savage breast or the revolution might never have revolved. It may have been a good thing for the fame of Paderewski that he had cancelled all of his American dates before this happened.

Talking Through Their Hats.

When the Tariff busters assert that the Republican party made a pledge to revise the Tariff by reducing the rates of duty they are simply talking through their hats. This is aside from the question of the propriety of either raising or lowering the duties on imports. There was a distinct pledge that the Tariff should be revised and that it would be revised by the friends of Protection; and the most that can be legitimately claimed under that promise is that the subject should be heard in special session of Congress to go through the different schedules and make such changes in rates as the wisdom of Congress might determine to be best for the country. But we see the threat made by pretended Republicans like Cummins that unless the revision shall be downward on such articles as they shall dictate the fight for another revision will be started immediately, and the Tariff will be revised two years hence by the Democrats. The wish is in this case the father of the thought, and does not in any considerable measure represent the sentiment of the Republican party.—Anita (Iowa) "Republican."

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., June 11, 1909.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent June 13 to 17, warm wave 12 to 16, cool wave 15 to 19. This was expected to bring unusually high temperatures and dangerous storms. Better watch for threatening conditions June 16, 17, 18. Very few places will be disturbed by these severe storms but all can afford to be on the outlook in order that the few may be prepared. The hot wave will take a southern route, crossing the Mississippi about June 15, while the cool wave will cover northern states and Canada, crossing meridian 90 about June 19.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about June 18, cross Pacific slope by close of 19, great central valleys 20 to 22, eastern states 23. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about June 18, great central valleys 20, eastern states 22. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about June 21, great central valleys 23, eastern states 25.

During this storm period temperatures will average about normal, unusually cool preceding the storm center, not very warm accompanying it, nor very cool following it. Pacific coast will get very severe weather not far from June 18. Temperatures will average above normal June 21 to July 1 inclusive, and this will be good corn weather where there is sufficient moisture.

Indications are that heavy rains will fall, 14 to 21, in the cotton states near and east of the lower Mississippi river and drouth will prevail elsewhere. Not a good corn month; better for northwestern spring wheat.

THE COMET.

Yes; the comet is coming and no man can now determine what, if any, effect it will have on the earth. A thousand chances to one it will not affect the earth, but if it should strike the earth centrally, not much life would be left. The poisonous gases of the comet would destroy animal life, cause vegetable growths to increase enormously, and darken the sun or shut out its light by greatly increasing the cloud belts.

I am firmly of the opinion that these very conditions obtained many thousand years ago when our moon, then a great comet, struck the earth, glanced off, lost all its water, clouds and gases to the earth being followed by that "age of darkness" generally believed to have existed far back in the earth's geological history when those immense animals and vegetable growths existed and whose remains are now found in many parts of the earth. Possibly that great poem, "The Book of Job," was produced thousands of years before the time of Abraham, and that it describes some of the scenes of that "age of darkness." I am also confident that the great dragon, so inseparably attached to all that is Chinese, represents the fiery monster, our moon which, after it struck the earth, remained encircling close to it. Something similar is described in "The Book of Job."

The Georgia Strike.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It appears that the alleged settlement in the Georgia railroad's strike did not settle anything, after all. There is a disagreement between the railway officers and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and arbitration is asked for under the Erdman law. Thus the work of Labor Commissioner Neill and of Interstate Commerce Commissioner Knapp has availed nothing except to bring a truce which may be broken at any moment.

Although the strike started through the refusal of the white members of the Brotherhood of Firemen to work if any negro firemen were employed on any of the trains, nearly all the leading Southern papers are talking plainly against the outrages committed by the strikers and against the cowardice of the governor of Georgia in refusing to grant protection to the roads in running their cars. A fair expression of respectable Southern opinion on this issue is found in the Richmond Times-Dispatch. That paper, referring to the fact that the negro firemen are compelled to work for a smaller wage than the whites, adds:

"To insist that the railway pay a higher price than necessary for this work in order to have it done by white men is simply to unionize race prejudice. Unions are supposed to represent all labor, not simply white labor. What they now ask, in effect, is that negroes shall no longer be employed." That paper condemns this spirit emphatically.

The arbitrators under the Erdman act will need to look at the facts dispassionately. As the Nashville Banner says, this strike shows a spirit that is "foreign to any feeling that the old time Southerner had for the brother in black," and adds that the Georgia strike "may spread to other pursuits in which negroes are now employed." Thus the attempt to "unionize race prejudice" may have evil consequences for the South beyond anything which the race spirit has aroused hitherto in that section. All that the whites heretofore had done against the black man was to keep him away from the polls. Under the direction of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, however, which is backed up by other societies, the unions want to shut the black man out of all employment, and thus deprive the South of the services of the element on which it relied for most of its work. The Georgia strike has larger bearings than appear on the surface. The arbitrators who deal with it need courage as well as intelligence.

Block Island.

The graduating exercises of the Class of 1909 of the Island High School will be held in the First Baptist Church next Monday evening. Ellie Annie Gallett will deliver the salutatory and there will be essays read by Gladys Washburn Littlefield, Phebe Mabel Sheffield, Emanuel Allen, Jr., Ernest Scott Sprague, Bertha Annie Wescott, Eugene Manton Allen, Iva Eletha Littlefield. The class history will be delivered by Frances Lodemia Hayes, the class prophecy by Lovell Acton Willis and the valedictory by Wayne Thurman Matteson. State Commissioner of Public Schools Walter E. Ranger will award the diplomas.

The members of the graduating class are as follows: Emanuel Allen, Jr., Eugene Manton Allen, Ellie Annie Gallett, Frances Lodemia Hayes, Gladys Washburn Littlefield, Iva Eletha Littlefield, Wayne Thurman Matteson, Harry Hayes Rose, Phebe Mabel Sheffield, Earnest Scott Sprague, Bertha Annie Wescott, Lovell Acton Willis.

William H. Barclay, the Republican manager of Pawtucket, has been appointed postmaster in place of Col. A. K. Goodwin, deceased.

At the Nation's Capital.

Rhode Island very Much in the Public Eye—Senator Aldrich the brainiest man in the Senate—Representative Sheffield makes good—Economy the Watchword of this Administration—Tariff Discussion still Goes On—Interesting Gossip.

[From a New Correspondent]

Washington, June 9, 1909.

Just now Rhode Island seems to be in the limelight to a greater extent than ever in the U. S. Congress. Senator Aldrich from your State is the head and front of the Tariff fight. He has more brains than one half the members combined and is managing the tariff debate in a masterly manner. There is no doubt about his being able to ultimately pass the tariff bill in most any shape he pleases, still he appears somewhat worried over the apparent growing hostility to his measure on the part of many Republican Senators and also the party at large. It is conceded that at least ten Republican Senators will vote against the Aldrich Bill. That will not be enough to kill it, for it is a well known fact that several Democrats will vote for it. Senator Aldrich held a protracted interview with the President at the White House to-day. On his return to the Capitol he held a number of mysterious conferences and then adjourned the Senate at 5.30 o'clock instead of recessing over the dinner hour and holding a night session. The greatest secrecy was observed about the White House visit and the subsequent conferences with Senators, but the knowledge of what had happened at the other end of the avenue caused a flutter of excitement among the insurgents.

The insurgents and several Senators not wholly allied with either branch of the split Republican Party believe that both Mr. Aldrich and the President are worried at the outburst of criticism against the Tariff bill in the last few days. This criticism has come from within the Senate, even within the Republican ranks, and from outside quarters. While the final passage of the bill is regarded as certain, the possibility of ten or more Republican Senators voting against the bill at the last is believed in certain quarters to have been the subject of discussion at the White House conference. The income tax is causing your Senator considerable anxiety.

Senator Wetmore is backing his colleague in all his moves. The junior Rhode Island Senator can always be relied upon to vote the straight Republican ticket. There is nothing of the insurgent nature about him. In a social way Senator Wetmore has made himself very popular with the people of Washington during his residence here. The new Representative from the 1st district of Rhode Island, Hon. William Paine Sheffield, from your city, has made a very favorable impression since he has been here, and will no doubt make his mark as a legislator. He has got into Speaker Cannon's good graces and it is rumored that a good committeeship awaits him.

Economy is the watchword under President Taft. A saving is to be made in every department where possible. Carrying out this policy of economy it is declared unofficially that within a few days steps will be taken to abolish the division of returns in the Department of the Interior. By this means it is believed that $100,000 a year will be saved to the Government. The division of returns has been maintained as a check on all contracts awarded by the Departments of War, Navy, and Interior, and it has outgrown its usefulness.

A reform in the method of paying the army of employees in the various navy yards, torpedo stations, etc., is to be instituted by the Secretary of the Navy, that promises to reduce considerably the expense of operating the naval establishment. The few reforms that already have been ordered are responsible for a reduction of $125,000 in the cost of paying the forces, and this sum will be greatly increased as soon as a universal system is adopted and put in force in all the yards.

When the rule was adopted to pay the employes of the yards every week, instead of once a month, the cost of distributing the money was quadrupled. The Navy Department disburses approximately $22,000,000 annually in wages and salaries, to the working forces, and the expense of distributing this sum reaches a high figure.

The big sugar trust has been brought to time week this and made to disgorge some of its ill-gotten gains. A few weeks ago the Trust was compelled under the Sherman Anti-trust law to pay the Government two million dollars for fraud in custom house returns, and now they are to pay two millions with some ten millions in stock to be returned for an attempt to put out of business by fraudulent means an opposition sugar refining company.

The newspaper publishers are here in large numbers and will be given a hearing this week by the Senate Finance Committee on the question of reduction of duty on wood pulp.

The action of the House on this subject is regarded as the equivalent of free wood pulp and free paper.

Paper manufacturers in the United States have insisted that they would be driven out of business by the House provision, and have demanded the continuance of the protection given by existing law. Some of the members of the Senate were inclined to fix a rate of $4 a ton on print paper, which is a $2 decrease from the present rate. When communicated to the members of the Newspaper Publishers' association, this rate was declared to be unsatisfactory. Another hearing was then ordered.

On the questions of wood pulp and print paper, coal, oil and hides, the Senate committee has determined to canvass the sentiment of the Senate before making recommendations.

The house-cleaning fever caught a woman for fair out in Bellingham on the far-Pacific coast. She was at it spring fashion and among other rubbish she found a bag of neglected tea. Into the fire it went, but it happened to be a quart of gunpowder. The house blew up and whether it was cleaned will always be uncertain. Moral, Beware of house cleaning.

Corporal (to soldier)—Why is the blade of the saber curved instead of straight?

Private—It is curved in order to give more force to the blow.

Corporal—Humbug! The saber is curved so as to fit the scabbard. If it was straight how would you get it into the crooked scabbard, blockhead?—Fliegende Blatter.

"How much time do you spend in your auto?"

"About half as much as I spend under it."—Judge.

SHIP TORE AWAY GATES

Whole Force of Lake Superior Tears Through Narrow Soo Canal

Sault Ste Marie, Mich., June 10.—With all the weight of Lake Superior behind it, an ungoverned torrent of water rushes through the $1,000,000 Canadian canal, built to carry vessels around the impassable rapids of the Saint Mary's river.

The entire fall of approximately twenty feet is concentrated in the lock which was wrecked when steamer Perry G. Walker rammed her bow through the lower gates. The canal encases within its walls a tremendous spectacle, including two waterfalls and a big whirlpool.

The upper gates were open when the Walker crushed open the lower gates. Steamer Assiniboia, moored within the lock chamber, was torn away from her moorings. Riding on the crest of the flood, she jammed the Walker from her path and her port anchor ripped a hole in the Walker's side.

Steamer Crescent City, which was just entering the locks from Lake Superior when the accident occurred, was swept down stream like a feather. After having a great hole torn in her side as she swept past the broken lower gate she was towed to the American side, where she settled to the bottom.

BANKERS TO LIQUIDATE

Providence Men Hurt by Failure of Two New York Concerns

Providence, June 10.—A notice of closing, to be followed by general liquidation, was posted last night by Lewis H. Tappan & Co., bankers and brokers.

"Following the failure of William Ives & Co., and Ehrlis & Stoppani of New York, our correspondents, our affairs became such that I deemed it inadvisable to further continue business," said Tappan.

Lewis H. Patten & Co. last night made a complete assignment. The failure is one of the largest in Providence in many years. Patten states that there are several large creditors.

PERRY GETS FIVE YEARS

Killed Woman and Then Drank Acid Which Paralyzed Him

Boston, June 11.—After pleading guilty to manslaughter, Hiram M. Perry was sentenced to not less than five or more than ten years in state prison for having shot and killed Miss Catherine McDougall in a house in the South End.

Perry was indicted for murder in the first degree, but the state accepted his plea on the ground that Perry was temporarily crazed by despondency over business troubles.

Perry, who is paralyzed from his hips down from the effect of poison which he took after the shooting in an attempt to end his life, declared that he had no recollection of having shot the woman, with whom he said he had been on friendly terms.

WEEKLY ALMANAC

JUNE 1909 — STANDARD TIME

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High water Morn	High water Eve.
12 Sat	4 28	7 31	1 17	2 35	3 00
13 Sun	4 28	7 31	1 45	3 54	3 54
14 Mon	4 28	7 32	2 13	4 28	4 17
15 Tues	4 28	7 32	2 41	5 20	5 36
16 Wed	4 28	7 33	3 20	6 10	6 25
17 Thurs	4 28	7 34	sets	6 58	7 11
18 Fri	4 28	7 35	8 35	7 46	8 00

Full Moon, 8d day, 8h. 25m., evening.
Last Quarter, 10th day, 9h. 42m., evening.
New Moon, 17th day, 6h. 23m., evening.
First Quarter, 25th day, 1h. 49m., evening.

A Smal Farm For Sale

Close to Trolley Line

I have for sale a very desirable small farm of about 5½ acres, with new 7-room cottage, in Middletown. This place is very close to trolley and well situated. Fine spring of water. An excellent place for an early vegetable and poultry farm. Price $3,750.

Apply at once to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

132 Bellevue Avenue

Newport, R. I.

Deaths.

June 7th, at St. Mary's Rectory, Agnes E. Meenan, sister of Rev. Wm. B. Meenan, Pastor of St. Mary's Church.

In Jamestown, 9th inst., John J. Woodmansee, aged 80 years.

In South Portsmouth, 5th inst., Mary Gardner Stedman, widow of Edward Sisson, in the 95th year of her age.

In Bristol, 6th inst., Charles D'Wolf Brownell, in his 86th year.

In Bristol, 6th inst., Frederika C. Mandell, in her 83th year.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end there, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

REMARKABLE SUIT IS ENDED

Jury Decides Against Dewey After Short Deliberation

ASKED $76,450,000 DAMAGES

Case Arose From Former Judge's Candidacy For Mayoralty of Boston, During Which, He Claimed, His Standing and Law Practice Had Been Affected by Statements of Certain Persons Who Opposed Him

Boston, June 10.—A verdict for the defense was rendered in the libel suit of former Judge Henry S. Dewey against five members of the Good Government association in which damages were asked of $76,450,000. The jury was out but thirty-five minutes.

The suit was the outcome of certain alleged statements emanating from the Good Government association in the mayoralty campaign of 1905. At that time Dewey appeared in the field as a candidate for mayor. On various occasions he appeared on the platform at campaign rallies attired in evening dress clothes. The Good Government association, in accordance with its custom, issued pamphlets describing the candidates and their fitness for office, and in addition, it was claimed by Dewey, special statements were published as coming from members of the commission which treated of Dewey.

Judge Dewey issued a statement in which he declared many of the names on the papers of endorsement for his rival candidates had been secured fraudulently, as they were also on his own papers. The commission issued a statement denying the charge and maintaining that the statements of Dewey were "false."

Claiming that his character had been assailed and his standing in the community, as well as his law practice, was affected by the statements, Dewey brought suit for $50,000 against five members of the association.

The case was called before Judge Sherman in the superior court some two weeks ago and Dewey announced he had raised the amount of the damages claimed from $50,000 to $76,450,000.

The case was conducted under the most unusual circumstances ever witnessed in a court of the commonwealth. Dewey conducted his own case and even appeared on the stand as a witness for himself, at which time he propounded and answered his own questions. The evidence thus submitted ran from a treatise upon the ancient law of Plato and Cicero through the method and procedure of law courts in Europe and America, from the highest courts down.

Sallies of wit and repartee were exchanged between the presiding judge and the plaintiff, and various witnesses from time to time which made the case exceedingly sensational and which frequently called for interference from the court, which several times threatened to take the case from the jury.

At the conclusion of the trial Judge Sherman instructed the jury and so doing submitted four questions for them to answer: 1. Whether the charge that the Good Government association was guilty of bribery and fraud in securing signatures to the petition asking Louis A. Frothingham to run for governor was true. The answer of the jury was "No." 2. If the answers to Dewey's charges were reasonable and true on the part of Edmund Billings as agent of the association. The answer was "Yes." 3. If the defendants were in good faith and without malice in making such publication. The answer was "Yes." 4. If the plaintiff had suffered any damage due to their utterance. The answer was "No." The jury was ordered by Judge Sherman to render a verdict for the defendants.

Immediately upon the rendering of the verdict Dewey filed an exception to the judge's order and was allowed twenty days in which to file exceptions taken during the trial.

Youngest Masonic Grand Master

Burlington, Vt., June 11.—Lee S. Tillotson of St. Albans, the youngest grand master of Masons in the country, was re-elected worshipful grand master of the grand lodge of Masons of Vermont at the 116th annual convocation. Tillotson is 33 years old.

Fire Destroys Paper Mills

Milton, N. H., June 11.—One hundred hands were thrown out of employment and a property loss of $100,000 was caused by the destruction by fire of the Salmon River paper mills here. The blaze is supposed to have started in the boiler room.

Colonel McClure Dies in 81st Year

Philadelphia, June 7.—Colonel Alexander K. McClure, prothonotary of the supreme and superior courts of Pennsylvania, and for many years a prominent figure in politics and journalism, died at his home in Wallingford, aged 81 years.

France Planning Big Navy

Paris, June 8.—The naval program approved by the cabinet involves an expenditure of $600,000,000, covering a period of ten years. Twelve battleships and four armored cruisers are included in the estimates.

Joseph A. Dorvel, aged 14, died at Manchester, N. H., following the amputation of an arm, which was terribly crushed by being caught in machinery of a wood-working shop.

The beauties of Narragansett bay, which he had delighted in picturing, will no more be colored by Charles De Wolf Brownell, that artist having died at Bristol, R. I.

PLUNGED KNIFE INTO EIGHT MEN

Awful Deed of a Maniac in a Packing Establishment

FIVE STABBED IN THE HEART

Three Others In Critical Condition and Unlikely to Recover—First Man Assaulted Was a Government Inspector, Who Is Practically Disembowelled—Powerful man Given Fearful Beating Before Overpowered

Cambridge, Mass., June 7.—The death of Dr. Daniel C. Hays, who was probably fatally stabbed by John Murphy, the hog butcher who slew five men and seriously wounded three others at Somerville Saturday, is expected hourly, while John Cheevas and Joseph Chicosk, the others to receive dangerous stabs, are both in a critical condition and their recovery doubtful.

All three are at the Cambridge relief hospital. Dr. Hays is a government inspector of slaughter houses, 37 years old, and has a family in Waltham. Cheevas and Chicosk are Poles, aged 29 and 24 years respectively, and living in this city.

The men killed by Murphy are: Thompson Crowe, 42; Michael Yenson, 43; John Carper, 21; Joseph L. Leveroni, 30, and Edwin Neurese, 26.

Murphy, who weighs 200 pounds, became violently insane while engaged at his regular occupation of killing pigs at the North Packing and Provision company, Somerville, and in his mad lust for blood drove more than 300 employes from the seven floors of the building. He was finally overpowered and disarmed in a fierce struggle after he had stabbed eight men.

In a padded cell at the Somerville police station Murphy is still stark mad and allows no one to approach him. As murder was committed the maniac will have to go through the different courses of the law before he can be adjudged insane and confined in an asylum.

Murphy was working on a platform killing the pigs as they were swung into the long room on the seventh floor of the building. Extending from the platform was a long bench at which the pigs were being dressed by 125 workmen, while only ten feet away stood Dr. Hays, the government inspector.

Shortly after 2 o'clock he suddenly uttered a terrific shriek and jumped at Hays waving his 15-inch razor edged knife in his hand. He cut Hays a deep gash in the neck, stabbed him over the heart and practically disembowelled him.

The terrified workmen leaped from their places and rushed for the door, but were not quick enough for Murphy, who ran after them, slashing right and left. Every man whom he struck went down with a groan.

The crowd plunged downstairs, with Murphy after them, and at every landing he struck somebody. On the third floor he caught up with two of the men, to whom he delivered death blows. On the second floor one of the workmen seized a heavy bar of iron and felled Murphy to the floor, but before the others could come up Murphy was on his feet again and wounded another on the way to the street floor. There he was given another terrific blow on the head and his knife was wrenched from his hand. Two police officers came in to assist the crowd and Murphy was given a fearful beating before he was finally overpowered.

So closely were the blows delivered and so accurate was the aim that every man was killed by being stabbed to the heart. Those who were wounded suffered great gashes in the back and on the arms, which they received in the flight downstairs.

Murphy is 50 years old. He was regarded as one of the strongest men in the plant. He is married and has two children.

SLEEPING SICKNESS ENDS

Death Claims Girl Who Had Long Periods of Unconsciousness

Lowell, Mass., June 7.—Louisiana Piette, Lowell's "sleeping sickness" girl, died Sunday after lying on her bed practically unconscious for thirty two days. During that time the only nourishment which passed her lips was the milk forced through her teeth.

The girl had had four other similar spells of lying unconscious for days, each spell longer than the last. A sleep last fall of thirty days was ended by electric treatment given by physicians.

Ide Presents Credentials

Madrid, June 10.—Henry C. Ide, the newly appointed American minister to Spain, presented his credentials to King Alfonso Wednesday. He drove in state to the palace, where the king received him, surrounded by his ministers. The ceremony was a brilliant one.

Scalped by Electric Fan

New York, June 8.—Mary McNamara, a telephone operator in the Jersey City offices of Swift & Co., the packers, caught her pompadour in the whirling blades of an electric fan and was almost completely scalped.

Great Sunday School Parade

New York, June 11.—Over 100,000 Sunday school children marched through the streets of Brooklyn in a parade Thursday afternoon. The occasion was the eightieth anniversary celebration of the Brooklyn Sunday school union, an organization composed of all the Protestant Sunday schools of the union.

PRESQUE ISLE'S NEEDY

Relief Committee Formed to Look After Their Welfare

Presque Isle, Me., June 10.—A relief committee to assist in the immediate relief of those rendered homeless or destitute by reason of the fire which, on Monday night, destroyed over fifty homes, besides other buildings, has been organized. As many offers of assistance have been received the committee has arranged to have all remittances for that purpose forwarded to the Presque Isle National bank or to C. F. Daggett, treasurer.

The people of this town are responding liberally to the call for aid. Fifteen state militia tents were received from Augusta and were distributed about town. Those rendered destitute by the loss of all their possessions are being supplied with the necessaries of life.

A TOTAL OF $51,596,963

What It Has Cost Carnegie to Found Public Libraries

New York, June 9.—Andrew Carnegie has founded 1800 public libraries, representing donations aggregating $51,596,963, according to his own statement in the current number of Collier's Weekly.

Up to Dec. 31, 1908, Carnegie says he erected in the United States 959 library buildings, with 208 branches, at a cost of $34,370,745. England and Wales come second in the list, with 329 buildings and 59 branches, at a cost of $7,859,550.

Mr. Carnegie has erected in Canada eighty-six buildings and established five branches, at an outlay of $2,059,415. He says he is satisfied with the results of his expenditures in the library line.

CONFEDERATE VETS GO WILD WITH JOY

Swoop Down on General Grant to Shake His Hand

Memphis, June 11.—A frenzied demonstration of welcome by the men in gray for the son of the man who defeated them marked the final scene of the annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans.

In the reviewing stand during the parade stood General Frederick D. Grant of the United States army. A cavalry division approached and its commanding office peered steadily at Grant for a moment. Then he turned in his saddle and yelled: "Come on you kids, here's General Grant come to life again in his son."

With an old rebel yell, the division charged on the stand and the men jostled one another for an opportunity to shake the hand of the son of their old time enemy. From that moment, every gray clad veteran who could reach the stand rushed up to do the same.

The army officer's eyes filled with tears and his shoulders shook with emotion as he murmured: "God bless you all, boys."

Battle-torn banners were grouped at his feet and waved over his head in salute by more than one veteran in tears at the thought of what an amicable situation had grown out of a bitter past.

NEW YORK MURDER MYSTERY

Dog's Sniffing and Snarling Leads to a Gruesome Discovery

New York, June 11.—The dismembered body of a man, with the head missing, was found by the police here last night, neatly done up in two bundles of brown paper and black oiled cloth. The bundles had been left in the charge of a small boy by a stranger who had promised him 5 cents to watch them till he came back. The officers' attention was attracted by the snuffing and snarling of a small terrier.

The bundles were taken to the nearest station house. On the wrappings was written in letters of red three inches high: "Black Hand."

There were four stab wounds in the chest of the body, two of which would have been immediately fatal.

MESSINA AGAIN SHAKEN

One Shock Lasts Eleven Seconds and Greatly Frightens Populace

Messina, June 11.—Two earth shocks were felt here Thursday, with an interval of about six minutes. The first shock was slight, but the second had a strong undulatory movement and lasted eleven seconds.

The populace was greatly frightened. Several walls collapsed, but no one was injured.

Great Growth of American College

Rome, June 10.—The festivities in connection with the golden jubilee of the American college in Rome were continued with a mass of thanksgiving celebrated by Archbishop O'Connell of Boston. The American college, while by far the youngest of these institutions, has surpassed the others in importance.

Prosecution Lasted Five Months

San Francisco, June 11.—The prosecution in the trial of Patrick Calhoun, president of the United railroads, which began on Jan. 12, rested its case Thursday afternoon.

Uncle Must Pay for Old Mishap

Bellefontaine, O., June 11.—Because his uncle lifted him in his arms twenty-two years ago in such a rough manner as to make him a hunchback, a jury yesterday awarded $4250 damages to Harley N. Piper against his wealthy uncle, George H. Clayton. Piper sued for $10,000.

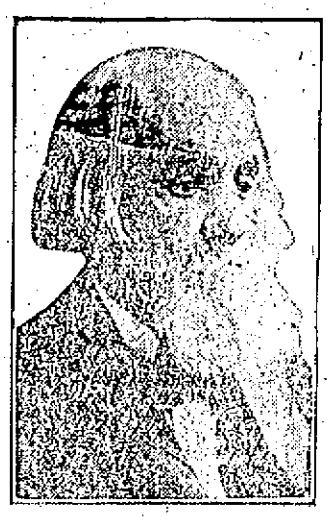
WHOLE NATION MOURNS LOSS

Love For Rev. Dr. Hale Not Confined to His Native City

PASSES PEACEFULLY AWAY

Achieved Fame as Divine, Voluminous Author, Journalist and Philanthropist—Life Crowded With Work For Uplifting His Fellow Men—Atmosphere of Printing Office Imbibed Early and Always Retained

Boston, June 11.—The morning light was breaking as the venerable Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D. D., chaplain of the United States senate, Unitarian divine, philanthropist, author, journalist and lover of the peace, breathed his last in his home in this city.



EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

At the bedside was his aged wife, his daughter, Miss Ellen D. Hale, and his son, Philip L. Hale, the artist. Two other sons, Arthur Hale of Washington and Professor Edward Everett Hale, Jr., of Union college, returned home last evening.

On his return from Washington, a few weeks ago, it was reported that Dr. Hale was not in good health, but he soon regained his activities, and until Tuesday attended meetings and received friends. Wednesday night, however, he showed signs of distress, and rapidly weakening, passed peacefully away in the morning.

It seems as if the whole country joins in mourning the loss of Dr. Hale. Messages expressing sorrow and esteem are pouring into the Hale household, one of the first being from President and Mrs. Taft. People of all walks of life, and especially those whose professional careers brought them in contact with Boston's leading citizen, are eager to pay tribute to a life so full of fruitful works, so inspiring to his fellow beings.

As an author his fame rests on the short stories, such as "The Man Without a Country;" as an instigator of the social uplift the work of the two great organizations, the Lend-a-Hand clubs and The King's Daughters, will always be to his renown; as a minister and pastor, his half a century in the pulpit of the South Congregational church and his preaching in many other churches was prolific of wise spiritual inspiration; while as a historian, drawing patriotism from his famous uncle, Captain Nathan Hale, the Revolutionary martyr, his writings and antiquarian works have become authorities.

It was Dr. Hale who, many years before its consummation, predicted a world-wide peace tribunal; it was Dr. Hale who upheld Garrison and Phillips in their anti-slavery work; it was Dr. Hale whose benevolent counsel brought comfort to the sick and wounded soldiers of the battlefields of the Civil war, as a member of the sanitary commission.

Edward Everett Hale was born in Boston April 3, 1822. Dr. Hale's father, born in Westhampton in 1784, was a journalist and one of the editors of the Boston Weekly Messenger, the first weekly periodical devoted to literature and politics to be published in the United States. In March, 1814, he purchased the Boston Daily Advertiser. He was also editor of the Monthly Chronicle and was one of a club that founded the North American Review in 1815 and the Christian Examiner in 1823.

With his father so deeply interested in newspaper and magazine work it was not at all surprising that the son should imbibe something of the atmosphere of the printing office, especially as he early learned to set type in his father's office. Indeed, in after life it was Dr. Hale's proud boast that he had been through every department of a newspaper office, from reporter to editor-in-chief, and in his interviews with representatives of the press he never lost an opportunity of fondly referring to those days.

Hardly at any period of his busy life did he relinquish his association with the press in some form or another, and up to the last issue of the Christian Register he had edited a department called "Good News," which was eagerly read. He also contributed a signed weekly letter to the Lend-a-Hand Record.

Poison In Dead Girl's Stomach

Gouverneur, N. Y., June 10.—Regarding the death of Lelia Hamilton, 16 years old, who died suddenly at Degrasse a few days ago, Coroner Drury declares that strychnine was found in the dead girl's stomach. He further declares that he knew who purchased the poison and where it was procured.

$83,000 FOR M'CLELLAN

City Will Settle Mayor's Expenses In Recount Fight With Hearst

New York, June 11.—Mayor McClellan's bill of personal expenses incurred in the mayoralty recount fight forced upon him by W. R. Hearst is to be paid by the city.

Presiding Justice Patterson of the appellate division of the supreme court has decided that the provision in the city charter for the reimbursement of city officials who may be put to expense in defending their title to office applies to the case.

The order of the court calls for the reimbursement to the mayor of $83,000, the major portion of which is for counsel fees.

GOLD MEDALS GIVEN WRIGHT BROTHERS

Aeroplane Inventors Are Highly Honored In Washington

Washington, June 10.—Wilbur and Orville Wright of Dayton, O., the aeroplane inventors, were today presented with the gold medals awarded them by the Aero Club of America, in the East room of the White House. President Taft made a short speech and Representative Parsons of New York briefly reviewed the achievements of the two brothers.

The Wrights arrived here this morning and were entertained at luncheon by the Aero club of Washington. Prominent statesmen, diplomats, scientists, aeronauts and army and navy officers met the Wrights at the luncheon. Miss Catherine Wright accompanied her brothers.

TUCKER'S RESIGNATION

It Is Reluctantly Accepted by Trustees of Dartmouth College

Concord, N. H., June 10.—A minute on the retirement of William J. Tucker, D. D., LL. D., from the presidency of Dartmouth college, his successor, Professor Ernest F. Nichols of Columbia university, having been elected Tuesday night, was unanimously adopted by the trustees of the college Wednesday.

They recognize the compelling nature of the reasons which led Tucker to offer his resignation two years ago, and which now lead to the fixing of July 15 next when it shall become operative, and with reluctance they acquiesce in both.

The trustees accompany this action with a record of their convictions regarding the significance of Tucker's presidency and their personal feelings toward him.

A SCENE OF DEVASTATION

Hail Destroys All Vegetation In a Large Section of Virginia

Buchanan, Va., June 11.—The neighborhood of Collierstown was visited by the most destructive hail storm ever known in that section. For a distance of ten miles in length, and more than a half mile wide, all vegetation was totally destroyed.

Wheat, corn and garden vegetables were driven to the earth. Hail drifted in ravines to the depth of two feet or more. Farms were absolutely ruined, all the soil being washed from the uplands. The loss will amount to many thousands of dollars.

BABY'S PITIFUL CASE OF ECZEMA

Summer Rash Became a Dreadful Itching Humor—Big Blisters Formed and Skin Grew as Hard and Rough as Bark—Scratched and Tore Flesh till Blood Ran.

ALMOST MAGIC CURE BY CUTICURA REMEDIES

"Our son, two years old, was very much afflicted with a breaking out or what looked to be a summer rash. I applied the usual remedies, such as washing with soda water and powdering with boric acid. Finally, after he suffered with the trouble several weeks I took him to the doctor. He said it was merely a rash that was quite prevalent, and that I was giving the right treatment and that I should just continue it and the baby would soon be all right. But instead of getting better it was getting worse. The rash ran together and made large blisters. The little fellow didn't want to do anything but scratch and we had to wrap his hands up to keep him from it as he would tear the flesh open till the blood would run. The itching was intense, causing loss of appetite and flesh. When it seemed to hurt him most the skin on his back became hard and rough like the bark of a tree so that rubbing or brushing would not break it. He was so feverish that I thought it a bad case of eczema. He could not wear any clothes but a little nightgown with the sleeves just fastened at the top of the shoulder. He suffered intensely for about three months. But I found a remedy in Cuticura Soap for bathing and Cuticura Ointment with which I anointed the sore places. This kept the rash from spreading and in less than a week the result was almost magical. That was more than two years ago and there has not been the slightest symptom of it since he was cured. I am never very long without Cuticura Soap as my family knows the value of it and don't like a substitute. J. W. Lauck, Yukon, Okla., Aug. 28 and Sept. 17, '08."

Millions of women throughout the world use Cuticura Soap and Ointment for eczemas, rashes, itchings, irritations, inflammations, chafings, pimples, blackheads, dandruff, dry, thin and falling hair, sanative, antiseptic cleansing, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery.

Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 135 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass. Mailed Free, Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

Do Not Delay to Protect Your Valuables

Secure the strongest protection for them. Do not delay this important matter but rent a Safe Deposit Box in our

Fire and Burglar-Proof Vault

now—it assures Absolute Protection for your valuables. The cost is very moderate—only

$5.00 AND UP PER YEAR.

NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY

303 Thames Street, Newport, R. I.

Grand Easter Display

IN MILLINERY

SCHREIER'S,

143 Thames Street

Every Department Fully Stocked With

CHOICE NOVELTIES.

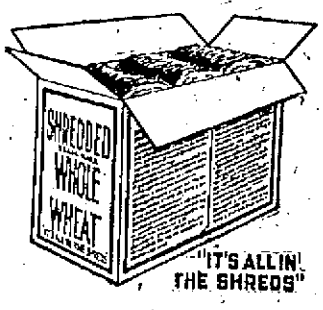
Our Trimmed Hats

A MARVEL OF BEAUTY.

Specialties in Children's Hats.

SCHREIER'S,

The Leading House for Millinery.



OUR SUPPLY OF

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

our favorite breakfast cereal, is always fresh. We carry no stale stocks of anything.

S. S. THOMPSON.

DURING JUNE

for Coal taken on the wharf we ask for

White Ash, $6.35 per ton Cash

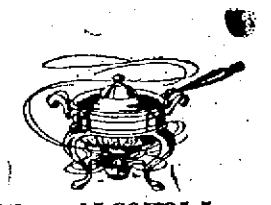
Red Ash, $6.85 per ton Cash

50c. Extra for Delivery.

NEWPORT COAL CO.

Phone 202 opp. Post Office.

CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

Cleveland House

27 CLARKE STREET.

The most modern and up to date House in the City.

A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.

Rates, $2.00 Per Day.

SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.

Apply to

2-3 CORNELIUS MORIARTY, Prop'r.

PERRY HOUSE,

WASHINGTON SQUARE,

OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

Under entirely new management.

Newly furnished suites with bath up to date.

Rates, $1 up. Special Rates by the Week.

F. H. WISWELL, Proprietor.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.

SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

—AND—

Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Oculist's prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 8:30 a. m.—3:30 p. m.

Furnished Cottages

TO RENT AT

BLOCK ISLAND.

H. S. MILLIKIN,

Real Estate Agent.

What the Professor Wanted.

The professor steps into the barber chair and assumes an attitude of premeditation.

"Hair cut, sir?"

"Please!" The barber cuts his hair.

"Like a shampoo?"

"Um—please!" He gets the shampoo.

"Shave you, sir?"

"Um—yes!" One shave.

"Massage?" He nods assent and consequently is massaged. The barber removes the towel; the professor arises and mechanically takes the proffered check.

"What's this?"

"Your check, sir."

"My check?"

"Certainly, sir—hair cut, shampoo, shave and massage."

The professor rubs his hand over face and head.

"Did I get all that?"

"Surely, sir."

"It's queer—very queer—most extraordinarily queer! A most wonderful example of philosophical phenomena!"

"What's queer?" asks the barber in dismay.

"Why, the working of the human mind. What I came in for was to get my razor honed."—Puck.

What Constitutes Baseball?

The essential apparatus of baseball is simple and inexpensive. All that is required is a field, a stick, the ball itself and police protection for the umpire. One advantage of the game as played professionally is that those sitting in the grand stand can play the game a great deal better than the eighteen men on the diamond. It is also true that any one of the spectators, even though perched on a telephone pole across the street or looking through a knothole in the fence beyond right field, can judge of the pitcher's skill or the runner's fleetness much more intelligently than the arbiter who stands behind the battery. The great merit of the game is that the people can participate in it. It is not like bridge whist. Its science is not synonymous with silence. The thing to do is to take off your coat and root as long and as loudly as you can, even if you don't know what is happening.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Taking It Out In Trade.

The proprietor of a certain Turkish bath establishment, seeing a strong looking young man working in a butcher's shop and being impressed by his magnificent muscles, told him to resign and take a rubber's position with him.

"I'll give you more than you are getting now," he said.

The young butcher, resigning in good faith, turned up the next morning at the bath house.

"Well," said the proprietor to him, "I'll put you on at once. What did you get at the butcher's?"

"Six dollars and my week's meat," returned the young man.

"What did that amount to?"

"About $3."

"Well," said the proprietor, "I offered you more to come here, didn't I? I'll give you $6 in money and $4 worth of baths weekly. That is a dollar more than you got at your old place."

Dutch Engagements.

A custom among the Dutch is the exchanging of engagement rings, which are narrow bands of plain gold, with the initials of the betrothed and the day of the betrothal engraved on the inside. They are worn on the left hand before and on the right after marriage. Dutch engagements extend over a period of from two to five years. During this time the young woman gives up all amusements in which her fiance does not participate. If he is not of the dancing sort she refrains from that recreation, however much she may desire to engage in it. She never goes in company anywhere if he is not present, and when they go together to a ball no gentleman will ever ask her to dance without formally gaining his permission.—London Scraps.

The Sure Thing.

A theatrical manager once offered a famous actress $1,000 a week to make a tour of the world. She insisted on $1,500. But the manager said $1,000 was all he could give, and he reminded her of the fabulous jewels that South American millionaires, Russian grand dukes and Indian rajahs are wont to lavish on the ladies of the stage when they are touring.

"Go home," said the manager, "think the matter over and let me know your decision in the morning."

In the morning the actress sent the manager this message:

"Give me my terms and you can have the jewels."

Little Barbara's Complaint.

Four-year-old Barbara went to church with her two sisters and came home crying.

"What is the matter, dear?" inquired her mother.

"He preached a whole s-sermon—about—M-Mary and Martha," sobbed Barbara, "and—never said—a—w-word about me."—Lippincott's.

Work Fascinating.

There is an indescribable fascination about work. The laziest man in town will stand watching with evident enjoyment the labors of a street gang laying pavement.—Fort Worth Record

Suits the Case.

"That prisoner over yonder, warden, has rather a mischievous look."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, quite a roguish expression."—Baltimore American.

The Echo.

A little boy was amusing himself by hallooing, then listening for the echo. "What is the echo, mamma?" he asked. His mother attempted to explain, feeling all the while how inadequate her explanation was. The little fellow trotted along at her side, silent for some minutes. Then his eyes fell upon his shadow.

"Oh, I know what echo is," he exclaimed joyfully. "It's the shadow of our voices."—Los Angeles Times.

A King's Bank.

The practice of hiding money in all manner of out of the way corners is by no means modern. In the old days, according to "Gleanings After Time," secret receptacles were often made in the bedsteads and contributed both to safety and romance. On Aug. 21, 1485, Richard III. arrived at Leicester. His servants had preceded him with the running wardrobe, and in the best chamber of the Blue Boar a ponderous four post bedstead was set up. It was richly carved, gilded and decorated and had a double bottom of boards. Richard slept in it that night. After his defeat and death on Bosworth field it was stripped of its rich hangings, but the heavy and cumbersome bedstead was left at the Blue Boar. In the reign of Elizabeth, when the hostess was shaking the bed, she observed a piece of gold of ancient coinage fall on the floor. This led to a careful examination, when the double bottom was discovered, upon lifting a portion of which the interior was found to be filled with gold, part coined in the reign of Richard III. and the rest of earlier times.

Naming a Kansas River.

Practically all the streams in Kansas were named by Indians and carry those names to this day, though in an Anglicized form.

The Neosho, the largest stream in southeast Kansas, has its own little story. The Osage Indians at one time lived in Missouri, and when they began talking of trading their lands in that state and moving to southern Kansas a party was sent out to look the country over and make a report on it. It was in the summer time and very hot and dry. Coming over the prairie northeast of Humboldt, they had a long way to travel without water.

"When they arrived at the river," said an Oswego man, "an Indian rode down the sloping bank into the water. But, to his surprise, the horse stepped right off into deep water, and the horse and Indian went in all over. As the aborigine clambered back on the bank he muttered, 'Wugh Neosho.' This in plain English means water pocket, or water hole, and the name clung to the stream ever afterward."—Hutchinson News.

Living the Simple Life.

A number of men gathered in the smoking car of a train from Little Rock to another point in Arkansas were talking of the food best calculated to sustain health.

One Arkansan, a stout, florid man, with short gray hair and a self satisfied air, was holding forth in great style.

"Look at me," he exclaimed—"never a day's sickness in my life, and all due to simple food! Why, gents, from the time I was twenty to when I reached forty years I lived a regular life. None of these effeminate delicacies for me, no late hours! Every day, summer and winter, I went to bed at 9; got up at 5; lived principally on corned beef and corn bread; worked hard, gents; worked hard, from 8 to 1; then dinner, plain dinner, then an hour's exercise and then"—

"Excuse me, Bill," interrupted a stranger who had up to this refrained from entering the discussion, "but what was you in for?"—Minneapolis Journal.

Very Nicely English.

This curious Bengali English was used to advertise a circus in India: "Some horse will make very good tricks. The klown will come and talk with that horses therefore audience will laugh itself very much. The lady will walk on horses back and horse is jumping very much also. The klown will make a joking words and lady will become to angry therefore klown will run himself away. One man will make so tricks of trapeze audience will fraid himself very much. One lady will make himself so bend, then everybody he will think, he is the rubber lady. This is the very grand display. This is the very better gymnastics. One man will walk on wire tight, he is doing very nicely because he is professor of that."

The Secret.

"I say," said Berker to his wife yesterday at dinner, "you didn't say anything to any one about what I was telling you the night before last, did you? That's a secret."

"A secret! Why, I didn't know it was a secret," she replied regretfully. "Well, did you tell it? I want to know."

"Why, no; I never thought of it since. I didn't know it was a secret."—Boston Globe.

A Lunatic's Repartee.

Some visitors were being shown through Kew Lunatic asylum, Victoria, one day, and, coming opposite the clock in the corridor, one of them, looking quickly at his watch, said, "Is that clock right?"

"No, you idiot," said a patient standing by. "It wouldn't be in here if it were right."

A Queer Eye.

An orator stated that "the worst enemy any cause can have is a double lie in the shape of half a truth," and the newspaper reported it "a double eye in the shape of half a tooth."

An Exception.

She—Do you suppose a man ever spoke the truth when he told a woman she was the only one he ever kissed? He—Well, I don't believe Adam lied about it to Eve.—Boston Transcript.

Hopeless.

"He ought to turn over a new leaf."

"Gee, that wouldn't do much good. He could turn over a whole library and not have a good start toward being decent."—Exchange.

A Palpable Hit.

"Now, sir," demanded counsel for the defendant, "tell us what time this alleged robbery took place."

"You had better ask your client," retorted the plaintiff. "He had my watch!"

He dwells nowhere who dwells everywhere.—Martial.

One of Edison's Jokes.

Edison was always a great joke player. Those ones he seemed to enjoy most were like the one he worked on one of the laziest operators in the office where he was once employed. One night, when this fellow thought his day's work was over and was getting ready to go home, Edison slipped around to the office switchboard, made a connection with the lazy fellow's telegraph key, called him down to the table and, supplied with an old newspaper, proceeded to send Mr. Lazy a long lot of presumably Associated Press stuff from New York. Edison was a lightning sender (as well as receiver) from almost the beginning of his career, and the way he made that fellow work for two solid hours was a joy. After wearing him completely out, making him receive and copy the equivalent of about three or four newspaper columns, Edison suddenly came from behind the switchboard, exposed the joke to the poor fellow and wound up by pelting him on the nose with the newspaper he had been sending from.—Pearson's.

Scolded and Comforted.

At a lunch given in his honor Sven Hedin read an amusing letter written to him by Alfred Nobel at a time when Hedin was still a student, but already filled with a longing to explore unknown Asia. He applied to the government for funds, but the answer was so slow in coming that he wrote to Nobel, who promptly replied: "I take no interest in these geographical exploration trips. In fact, I regard them as an anachronism. Men communicate with each other today from one end of the earth to the other by means of telegraph and post. There are in Asia, too, explorers and savants who are surely better qualified than you, sir, to study and describe their native country. I therefore believe that you could make better use of your ambitious impulses than by undertaking trips to Asia. But in order that you may see that I do not always act as I think I send you a sum which may serve as the best confutation of my own convictions."

Squandering Ability.

Doing the lower when the higher is possible constitutes one of the greatest tragedies of human life. The squandering of money seems a wicked thing when we think of the good that might be done with it. But what about the wicked waste of ability, the deliberate throwing away of 50, 75, perhaps 90 per cent of one's success possibly just because he never trained himself to use it, to grasp it with such vigor and power that he can fling his life into his career with its maximum effectiveness? Most people take hold of life with the tips of their fingers. They never get hold of the life proposition with that grip and tenacity of purpose and vigor of determination which do things worth while. They just hang on the outskirts of things, playing upon the surface of their possibilities without ever getting down into the marrow of their being, where efficiency and power dwell.—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

Exclusive Perfumes.

The late Dr. Andrew Wynter in a charming article on perfumes suggested the desirability of every lady having her own special and self prepared perfume. The custom, however, would have its disadvantages. More than one sensational story might be mentioned wherein the heroine or villain was saved or unmasked, as the case might be, by the recognition of a distinctive scent. In "Diplomacy" the denouement is effected by the telltale perfume of the adventuress being detected in the dispatch box she had rifled. As a matter of history, the assassins of the oriental sovereign Yezdijird were discovered by one of them smelling of the perfume with which the robes of the murdered king had been redolent.—London Globe.

Hope.

"Have you seen the account in this morning's papers about Dr. Cutting having brought a dead man back to life?"

"No. Did he do that?"

"Yes. It was a wonderful demonstration of his skill."

"Well, I shall be more hopeful now than I have been for some time. If he can bring the dead back to life he may be able to bring back the book he borrowed from me about two years ago."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Begging In Paris.

Giving up his profession, a Paris beggar offers his "pitch" for sale. His advertisement reads: "For sale, present holder retiring to the country, good situation for one legged man; neighborhood of the Etoile; hours of work, 2 p. m. to 7 p. m.; receipts, $2.40 to $3.15; regular passersby, children and strangers; or any infirmity would suit."

A Feminine Reason.

"But," asked the first co-ed, "why did you elect to take up the study of German instead of French?"

"Oh," replied the other, "the German professor was so awfully handsome, you know."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Complaint.

A magistrate looked at a disreputable specimen of manhood in the dock and turned to the policeman. "Officer," he asked, "what is the complaint?"

"Rheumatiz, y'r honor!" exclaimed the prisoner, answering for himself.

A Test Question.

Newed—I tell you, old chap, I'm another man since I was married. Singleton—So? Does your wife love you as much as the man she married?—Exchange.

On the Safe Side.

"How do you ever get on so well with your wife? Don't you ever have any differences of opinion?"

"Of couse we do. But I don't let her know it."—Cleveland Leader.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.—Wordsworth.

Dark Walls Best For Illumination.

Some scientists who have been making investigations into the part played in the matter of illumination by light and dark walls have come to the conclusion that the dark walls are better fitted for good illumination than the light. In a room where the walls are dark and where the source of light is entirely behind the reader's field of vision a person who reads is impressed with the idea that the room is excellently well illuminated, but if now another light is brought into the room and placed within the field of his vision, though not shining on the paper he is reading, the pupils of his eyes will contract, less light will enter them from the paper he reads, and the reader will be impressed with the idea that the illumination has been reduced and the paper is becoming darker. These scientists say that the experiments show that if the walls are light colored the efficiency of the illumination may actually be diminished.—Pathfinder.

The Picture In Disguise.

Of the strange vicissitudes through which many of the world's famous pictures have passed perhaps none was odder than that of "The Picture In Disguise," a magnificent painting that now adorns the residence of Lord Leigh in Warwickshire, England. This remarkable picture for many years appeared to be merely a painting of flowers. The floral study was, however, finally pronounced by an astute art dealer to be in reality a mask for another painting. With the permission of the owner he caused the painting of flowers gradually to be removed, whereupon there was discovered underneath a very fine portrait of Charles I. by Van Dyck. While no authentic record of this masterpiece has been found, it is supposed that the portrait was disguised by some royalist in order to guard against its destruction by Roundheads during the revolution.—Boston Post.

Bonheur's Humor.

Mlle. Rosa Bonheur (Rosa stood for Rosalie) was not without a sense of humor, so it is told of her that when presiding over a school of design in Paris, the pupils being girls, the artist was disgusted with the class because, imitative of their teacher, the young women had cut their hair short. "Goodness," cried Rosa Bonheur, "how horrid you all look! This is not a class of boys. You silly creatures, let your hair alone and do your best so as to retain all the advantages of your sex."

Easy Cure.

"There is a man who is always looking for trouble."

"Well, it's easy enough to cure him of that habit."

"How?"

"Get him put on the police force."—Exchange.

Sarcastic.

"Do you sleep with your mouth open?" inquired a doctor.

"I've never noticed," was the sarcastic reply, "but I'll look tonight when I'm asleep."

The Professor Remembers.

Professor (as the company is breaking up, missing one of his rubbers)—Has any of you gentlemen put on three rubbers by mistake?—Fliegende Blatter.

The Slippery Top.

Stilicus—We are told there is plenty of room at the top. I wonder why it is. Cynicus—I suppose most of the people who get there fall off.—Philadelphia Record.

A Legal Difference.

The Client—How much will your opinion be worth in this case? The Lawyer—I'm too modest to say. But I can tell you what I'm going to charge you for it.—Cleveland Leader.

He that rises again quickly and continues the race is as if he had never fallen.—Molineux.

Where the Trouble Was.

"Some mis'bul sinner took an' runned off wid de collection hat las' meetin' day," said Brother Dickey, "an' I well knows dat ef dar wus so sich place ez hell de good Lawd would make one for dat sinner."

"Was there much money in the hat?"

"No, suh; day warn't so much ez a brass button in it."

"Then why are you so mad about it?"

"Hit wuz my hat," he said.—Atlanta Constitution.

Champagne Corks.

The manufacture of the best kind of corks, those made for champagne bottles, are never intrusted to machines. The ordinary common cork is made by machinery, but the best work invariably is done by human hands, and the champagne cork cannot be trusted to a machine. All the blemishes in the cork have to be taken into consideration, so this work is done by hand labor.

Old Jim Bidwell, pioneer of California, married a squaw. After forty years the squaw died and Jim went back East, married a school teacher in the home town and brought her back.

The Bidwells hadn't been home long when the kind and loving ladies of the place called around.

"Of course," they said, with many smirks and side glances—"Of course, Mrs. Bidwell, you understand, or maybe you don't know, that your husband's first wife was an Indian—that he married a squaw."

"Yes," replied the second Mrs. Bidwell sweetly, "I have been told so, and judging from the white women I have seen here I don't blame him."

And that was about all.—Toledo Blade.

"Yes," said the employment agent, "I think I have a job that will suit you. A down town merchant wants a young man to be partly out of doors and partly behind the counter."

"I don't know about that," rejoined the applicant. "What will be the result in case the door slams?"—Chicago Daily News.

Irate parent—I won't stand for your dancing with that young Bings.

Pert Daughter—All right, pa. We'll sit it out.—Baltimore American.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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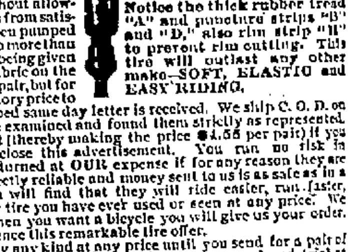

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Lightning the Fire.

A fire broke out one night in one of the smaller towns of Massachusetts, whereupon its newly equipped fire department, composed of volunteers, was called on to show what it could do.

Only one lantern could be found, the smoke was pouring out of the building, and the night was dark. Finally a small tongue of fire appeared and a cheer went up as the firemen turned the hose in that direction.

At this moment the captain cried out: "Look out what you're doin' there! Keep that water off that! It's the only light we've got to put out the fire by."—June Lippincott's.

Mystery to Father.

"So your daughter has gone to Europe after all?

"Ya-as," drawled Farmer Hayseed; "she's been daffy t' go ever sence she left skule. These here female girl colleges dew put ideas intew women's heads. Her maw an' me never could calc'late why she was so set t' go t' Yurrup. She don't know a soul thar."—June Lippincott's.

He Dodged.

Mr. Meek—Did you trump my ace?

Mrs. M.—Yes. What of it?"

Mr. M. N-nothing, my dear. I'm glad it was you. If one of our opponents had done it we'd have lost the trick.—Cleveland Leader.

The Smart Ones.

"Do you believe that the world owes us all a living?"

"Yes, but the smarter fellows are collecting the debt for us on an 80 per cent commission."—Boston Transcript.

Officer—Hi, you! That car's smoking. It can't go in the park.

Driver—Can't go in the park? My dear sir, this car can go in the most unexpected places, also turn flip-flops, climb trees, do a really good buck and wing, and it not only smokes, but sometimes I suspect it of drinking. Possibly you mean the car may not go in the park. There's nothing in God's world it can't do."—Judge.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher — The Kind You Have Always Bought

The Tall Soldier.

Bordelai—"My dear sir, here in our barracks we have the tallest soldier ever seen."

Marseillais—"The tallest? How tall is he?"

Bordelais—"Six feet nine inches."

Marseillais—"Six feet nine inches! That is nothing. In our barracks we have a sergeant who is so tall that he is compelled to kneel when he wants to scratch his head!"—June Lippincott's.

Lived Happy Ever After.

"Yes, my friend, I was about to marry the countess when I suddenly learned that she spent more than fifty thousand marks a year on her dressmaker."

"Then what did you do?"

"Why, I married the dressmaker."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

By Inference.

Bridge-Teacher—Now, if your partner is dealer and has a dreadful hand, what will she make it?

Mrs. Baker—No trumps.

Bridge-Teacher—Why, you don't know anything about bridge!

Mrs. Baker—Possibly not; but I know all about my partner.—Harper's Bazar.

Another Star.

Student of Astronomy—I have discovered a new star, professor.

Professor—What's she playing in, my boy?—Harvard Lampoon.

Quite So.

"How can I show my love?"

"What do you mean?"

"Words are inadequate."

"I see. And kisses are insanitary. It's a tough world."—Washington Herald.

"You were held up, weren't you?"

"I was."

"Tell, how did you feel?"

"I felt relieved."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Work is intellect's. A truism? To some, whether they lie in the depths of thought, or on the surface, are at any rate the pearls of experience.

The Lost Land.

David Royaut was sitting out on the terrace, sitting out with a partner who had laughingly declined to dance. The fragrant scent of hot-house flowers hung in the air, and the strains of the famous El Dorado waltz floated out from the ballroom.

He was a tall, determined looking man; he had a strong chin and good honest brown eyes. His was the face of a man who had fought a hard battle and conquered.

The woman—the woman who didn't want to dance—was a slight creature with a pair of haunting gray eyes and a cloud of fair, exquisite silky hair. There was something indescribably attractive and alluring to her whole personality. "The Eldorado," murmured Vanessa, listening to the music. She gave a slight, delicate laugh, then she turned to her companion.

"Do you think there is an El Dorado—such a country?" she asked meditatively, "or is it a fairy tale, like the rest?"

Her sigh was infinitely pathetic. It was difficult to realize for the moment that an eminently successful woman was asking the wistful question, a woman whose art has made her famous, and who played the violin as none other could or would.

Curious, too, that she should question David Royaut on the subject. If there was a man on earth who had found the land of El Dorado this man had, for Royaut was a millionaire, and more than a millionaire, a man who had built up a miraculous fortune, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye. He had stumbled on a gold mine by pure accident.

"Oh, no, I believe in El Dorado. Of course, there is such a land—there must be," he continued, "otherwise all the poets and dreamers have been mad—all the singers, all the musicians. And it would be rather a pity to believe that, wouldn't it?"

This was not the first time he had met Vanessa Lessing by any means; for they were friends now of long standing; but the woman interested him. For all her fame, for all her magnificent success, and her curious and indefinable beauty her face was not the face of a happy woman. The eyes were hungry eyes.

"Some people"—Vanessa spoke slowly and very softly—"some people hold that El Dorado is a land of gold. It is the city of the rich man, and no one can enter it unless he has great wealth."

David Royaut shook his head.

"Don't believe that story," he said decidedly; "it is a fable. I am a rich man myself, but"—he spread out his hands—"I haven't found the land you speak of, though I came near to finding it once."

His strong, rugged face softened. A new look came into his eyes.

"Tell me," she leaned forward, "how did you lose your chance of landing in it?"

"It's a very ordinary story," he smiled, then crumpled his programme up into a hard ball; "just the story of a young man passionately in love with a young woman, who goes abroad to try to make a fortune for her. He comes back years after with his fortune, but the girl—"

"Yes, the girl?" murmured Vanessa.

"She's the mother of girls herself," he answered simply, "a sparkling young matron of thirty. Happy enough, I've no doubt, even though the man she married doesn't happen to be quite so wealthy as I am. Oh, I don't suppose she cared much for me, really," he added with a dry laugh, "else she would have waited as other women have waited."

"Things are better for you than they were for me," she muttered.

She shuddered as she spoke.

"Years ago, when I was young, barely eighteen," she went on, "I was engaged to be married. He was a struggling young barrister, and I was one of a family of many sisters.

"There was no earthly prospect of our being married for years; but that didn't matter in the least, we were quite happy. And then, one afternoon, when I happened to be playing my violin at a small afternoon party, a big musician heard me, and told me that if I chose to work hard I should have a future before me—a great future. Of course I was excited—flattered. Then, later on, when the big man's opinion was corroborated by other great musicians, it seemed natural that I should accept the great offer made me by a liberal patron of music—an offer to pay my expenses in Paris if I chose to study music there, and definitely take it up as a profession. My kind friend made one stipulation, however; I was to break off my engagement—for a time. For an artist cannot serve two gods, she said, and I suppose she was right. For music demands everything—one's life, one's soul."

"You broke off your engagement?" Royaut spoke curtly.

"I broke it off in a sort of way, but it was an understood thing between us that when I had finished my studies, and was beginning to take my place in the musical world, our engagement should come on again."

"What happened?" Royaut looked at her scrutinizingly. How pale, how fearfully pale she had grown! And this was the woman who was supposed never to have had a love affair in her life, but had devoted herself entirely to her art.

"Then came my debut, which was a wonderful triumph, and after that it seemed to me that I had the world at my feet. Brilliant offers of musical engagements poured in upon me. My concerts were thronged. I was lionized and made much of. I made money—plenty of money."

"And the man—what happened to man?"

She gave a little choking sob. "Oh, he loved me—he loved me; but he was too generous ever to press his claim upon me, even though he knew I cared for him—cared for him deeply. He wanted me to enjoy my wonderful success, unhampered by the cares of domestic life.

"'Wait; choose your own time to marry, dear,' that was what he always said. I didn't realize that I was letting a man break his heart for me. It was only when my dear got ill that I realized the truth, for he called out in his delirium—called out to the woman he had loved so patiently and so well—to come to him, never recognizing that she was there—by his bedside. And on the night he died, he said, being still very delirious, that I had never loved him, never could have loved him. I had preferred fame and ambition—to happiness."

She shuddered, and David Royaut no longer wondered how it was that when she played on her violin men and women wept.

A silence fell, which neither the man nor the woman cared to break; then the dance music suddenly ceased in the ballroom, and a second later a young couple swept up to the entrance of the little sitting-out room.

The sound of their happy talk reached David Royaut and the violinist.

"To sit out with one's husband—most unfashionable, Jack." The girl's voice was full of delicious mockery, her lips rippled with smiles.

"Madam, you know you are in love!" He spoke in tones of masterful tenderness. "And in love with your own property, too. Absurd!"

The girl gave a little gurgling laugh.

"Jack, you darling," she whispered, "isn't it good to be hungry? Aren't you glad you didn't marry for money, but for love?"

They moved away in the full heyday of their youth and strength, exulting in each other and in life, a crowned son and a daughter of joy, drawn back to the glamour of the hearth-side.

"El Dorado!" murmured David Royaut gently. But Vanessa did not answer.

David Royaut was silent for a moment, then he touched his companion upon the arm.

"Shall we make a search together for the road which leads to El Dorado?" he asked. "Shall we try to find the lost country or does it belong only to youth?"

"Only to youth, I'm afraid," she whispered back. "And we have lost our youth."

"What of that?" he replied. "We might dwell under the shadow of the city walls of El Dorado."

And he groped and found her hand.

Typical New Yorkish.

An old woman, rusty of gown and white of hair, got on a crowded Fifth avenue elevated railroad train in Brooklyn. As far as the eye could reach male persons were hidden by outspread newspapers.

Half way down the car a young woman arose and came down the aisle. There was no mistaking what she was. She belonged to that class of woman which is styled "the unfortunate class" by the charitably disposed, and gets a harsher name from those who still stand for the use of the Scarlet Letter. She edged her way through the crowd, with a backward look which prevented any male person from claiming her empty seat.

"Won't you take my seat?" she said, with a charming smile, and the poor old woman in the rusty gown looked up at her and thanked her with a smile that transfigured the meager old face, and hobbled to the seat.

The newspaper-hidden male persons cowered closer than ever behind their hiding places. A young man on the other side of the car got up with a slight flush and somewhat of a shamefaced look.

"I've got tired of giving up my seat to women who don't thank you, because I don't think they're ladies," he said, tipping his hat, "and I don't do it any more, but I think you deserve it."

Typical, all of it. Very New Yorkish.—New York Times.

What John Meant to Say.

A Chinaman was called as a witness in the police court of Los Angeles in the case of a driver who had run over a dog.

"What time was it when you saw this man run over the dog?" asked the judge.

"Me no savvy," replied the witness.

"I say," repeated the judge, "what time was it when you saw this man run over the dog?"

"Me no savvy," repeated John, smiling blankly.

"We shall have to have an interpreter," commented His Honor, as he realized that the witness did not understand English; and accordingly another Chinaman was hailed into court to act as interpreter. "Ask the witness," commanded the judge, "when he saw this man run over the dog."

The interpreter turned to his fellow-countryman and said: "Wo chung lo, ho me choo lung wow, e-ho me no chow chee, loc kow so-loo ding gong tong yit ben."

To which the witness replied: "Wong lin kee, wo hoo, wing chong lung yue lee, kin slog, oboy yoke coey ying lung ding wah, shing suey way san ylek ling tay ding coey bow tsue, po tong po gon hung mow kim quong yuen lee chow yo ben tong."

The interpreter then turned to the judge and said: "Him say 'Two o'clock.'"—June Lippincott's.

Fishing on Horseback.

On the California coast they fish on horseback. After a big blow enormous numbers of squid are sometimes seen washing about among the pounding breakers. When such news comes to the town every man or boy who can beg or borrow a horse goes galloping down to the beach armed with a six-foot bamboo, at the end of which is a strong steel hook. They dash into the surf and driving the sharp steel into the squirming jellylike creatures haul them ashore one by one and leave them lying high and dry upon the beach, pumping ink and water and with their long, sucker rimmed arms coiling about like snakes. Squid sell for a couple of shillings apiece. Their flesh is good for bait; the pen, a long, opal-tinted bone which extends from the tip of the tail to the neck, forms the cuttlefish bone of commerce, and the eyes, which when dried look like large dull pearls, find a ready sale among curio dealers.—Fry's Magazine.

A Hedge of Roses.

It is not generally known what a delightful feature a rose hedge may become, even in the villa garden, or such would more often be planted in lieu of the ubiquitous privet. Where the area of the garden is limited, or where only a moderately high hedge is desired for encircling the rose garden or bordering a tennis lawn, a selection should be made from the China or monthly roses, the Japanese or rugosa roses and the Austrian briars. If the garden is very sheltered some of the stronger growing of the dwarf teas could be utilized, and from the free flowering polyantha group delightful little hedges can be made that would grow to a height of three or four feet.—The Gardener.

It has just been discovered that a poor old woman in Paris, Mme. Charpentier, has been paying interest for fifty years on her pawned wedding dress. Throughout her life she never has money enough to redeem it. The case was brought to light by the American consul general, and the precious garment has at last been redeemed. Mme. Charpentier has informed the press that she can now die happy in the assurance that her mortal remains will be shrouded in her bridal robe.

Many a girl thinks she has broken her heart when she has only sprained her imagination.—Life.

For the Sake of Peace.

Soapsuds and disorder reigned in every room. Mrs. Sifter, Sr. saw all her treasured relics hustled about and made little of. Things were changed about to suit Mrs. Betty's taste, and Bob's mother was not consulted in the least particular, though she was expected to assist in the labor and was assigned task after task, and not of easy character either. The easy work was selected by the young mistress.

When Bob's father had brought her home, forty years ago, she had met with a hearty welcome, such as she had tried to give Betty, and she had taken a pleasant position in the family of her husband's father as a daughter of the household, usurping nobody's place, claiming nothing but love and protection, shelter, food and raiment; giving in return the labor of her strong young arms and a sincere love and respect for her father and mother-in-law, who had in their turn, she had every reason to believe, loved her.

There was a rush of cold air and Betty came into the kitchen from the woodhouse chamber, where she had been ransacking old chests, and her arms were filled with the fruits of her investigations in the form of various articles of men's wearing apparel.

"See here, Mother Sifter, I have found clothes enough to last Bob his lifetime, is you'll fix them up a little," announced Betty, throwing her burden upon the first chair she came to. "I declare, I don't see how people can be so wasteful."

Mrs. Sifter, Sr., turned from her work of washing woodwork, her retrospective thoughts taking flight like frightened birds, and when she saw what lay upon the chair she burst into hysterical laughter. "I must say I do not see anything to laugh at," said Mrs. Betty, solemnly.

"Why, those things belonged to Bob's grandfather, Betty. Bob could not wear them," replied Mrs. Sifter, restraining the laughter.

"Well, I do not see why that should make any difference, so long as they are good clothes," returned Betty.

"Why they are not made the way clothes are made now, Bob would look like his grandfather's ghost in them," objected Bob's mother again; and Betty, not caring to pursue the subject farther just then, went on about her work, leaving her mother-in-law thinking of a sentence she had to say to Bob one night just before his marriage, to the effect that after he was married he could wear better clothes.

"What a fool I was!" she said to herself, half aloud.

"And you ain't got over it yet," sounded sharply in her ear in Betty's crossest tone of voice, and Mrs. Sifter turned so suddenly that she spilled her dish of soapsuds all over the chairful of old clothes Betty had deposited there.

Bob was whitewashing the pantry ceiling. Catching the words and tones of the battle in the kitchen, he stopped, to listen, while the lime ran down his arm in white streams, but not for the world would he have interfered.

That night after Bob and Betty had retired to rest, a shadowy form might have been seen going from room to room gathering an article here and there, and packing them into an old-fashioned carpet bag.

Then, later still, that same shadowy form crept out at a back door with the big bulging carpet bag in hand and walked swiftly away.

Mrs. Sifter had abdicated in favor of Betty, and was going to seek a new home.

Mrs. Sifter, feeling like a freed prisoner, walked briskly for an hour, and then found herself in a railway station in good time for the midnight passenger train to a town fifty miles distant—the very town where Bob had passed the summer working and where he had met Lena.

What strange fate led Bob's mother to the door of the girl Bob had courted the summer before? Perhaps it was the dressmaker's sign over the door attracted her, for she was apt with her needle and she was now in search of work to do. Certain is it that she asked admittance there at the door beneath that sign, and found a pleasant welcome.

Later, when her errand was stated, the wanderer found that she need wander no farther if they two could work together, for there was more than sufficient work for them all—herself, the little dressmaker and the little dressmaker's mother.

Hearing the girl's name spoken by her parents, a memory of some incident lately past came into her mind.

She looked more closely into the face of the daughter whom the old folks called Lena, and like a flash it came to Mrs. Sifter that she had found old and shelter with the girl whom her son had jilted at her command in order to marry Betty Rogers for her money.

At first she felt that she must go further, but she had already agreed to make a trial of the position offered her, so she drifted for a little, then decided to stay.

And there she is today; and Betty and Bob are on the old place, working in double harness, but on Bob's side the traces often slacken while he is thinking and wondering where his too ambitious, yet loving mother, has found a home.

He feels, somehow, that she is capable of taking good care of herself, and he knows of the not inconsiderable store of money which she had, so he does not feel anxious about her. As to his marriage his mother made the match.

He feels that it is better as it is, for while he and Betty pull along together after a fashion (Betty's fashion), a mother-in-law would have complicated matters and made the pulling hard.—Springfield Republican.

Not Too Late.

Not long after the great Chelsea fire some children in Newton, Mass., held a charity fair by which $18 was realized. This they forwarded to the rector of a certain Boston church who had taken a prominent part in the relief work, with a letter which read somewhat as follows:

We have had a fair and made $18. We are sending it to you. Please give it to the Chelsea sufferers. Yours truly, etc.

P. S.—We hope the suffering is not all over.

"Yes," said the suburbanite, as he wielded a hoe, "I am fond of poultry dinners."

"Then it is a wonder you don't raise chickens instead of flowers?" remarked the mutual friend.

"Oh, what's the use? My neighbors raise the chickens."—Cleveland Daily News.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

The Beggar's Appeal.

Old, but Man Who Heard It Respected Illusions of Youth.

"New this," said the town traveller, "was a revival, a renewal, a renascence, a recrudescence, a reversion, a return to old ways.

"'You might as well look for gold here as work,' the beggar said. 'I've been tramping the town for a week and haven't found it; and I haven't had anything to eat and I'm hungry. I don't ask you to give me any money, I don't want a cent; but I want you to take me to a restaurant and give me something to eat.'

"That's what the beggar said yesterday. A few years ago, when it was first invented, this appeal, this 'I don't ask you for any money, but take me to a restaurant and give me something to eat, I'm hungry' business, commended itself widely and was used and with profitable results. It looked reasonable, and many a man gave up a nickel or a dime to this call rather than take a chance of overlooking a man who was really hungry or rather than spend the time it would take to go and see him eat.

"There were tales, too, of men thus approached who doubted and who said to the beggar, 'Well, come on, then, and I'll fix you up,' only to find themselves left at the restaurant door or to find themselves sitting at a table opposite a man who had to work hard to get food down, he had already eaten so much; and then there was the cap sheaf story of the man thus accosted who had said 'Come on!' and found himself presently sitting opposite a man really famished, a man who ate successive plates of pork and beans and continuing cups of coffee and plates of cakes till the bill came to the grand sum total of $2.40.

"That was in the days when this appeal flourished widely and found wide acceptance and then, like so many good things, it was overworked and it fell into disuse to be heard—by me, anyway—not again for years until yesterday.

"With this man, though, it was I think really not a revival but an invention. He was a young man who may never have heard it before and I think he invented it himself and thought he had struck a good idea when he hit on it. How many old things have been discovered over and over again by men who thought they had found something new and wonderful, to be sadly undeceived when they brought it to attention!

"But I was old and he was young—why shatter his illusions? So I took a slight amount of stock in this young man's old-new invention, partly for old times' sake, perhaps, but really I think he was hungry."—New York Sun.

The Children's Friend.

Mr. C. a distinguished lawyer of Boston, was on his way to Denver to transact some important business. During the afternoon he noticed, in the opposite section of the Pullman, a sweet-faced, tired-appearing woman, travelling with four small children. Being fond of children, and feeling sorry for the mother, he soon made friends with the little ones.

Early the next morning he heard their eager questions and the patient "Yes, dear," of the mother as she tried to dress them, and looking out he saw a small white foot protruding beyond the opposite curtain. Reaching across the aisle, he took hold of the large toe and began to recite:

"This little pig went to market; this little pig stayed at home; this little pig had roast beef; this little pig had none; this little pig cried wee-wee all the way home." The foot was suddenly withdrawn and a cold quiet voice said:

"That is quite sufficient, thank you."

Mr. C. hastily withdrew to the smoker, where he remained until the train arrived in Denver.—Good Housekeeping.

She Wanted Her Money Back.

George Cohan, the player, tells of a theatrical combination that encountered much bad business in its tour of one-night stands in Ohio and Kentucky.

The "date" that proved fatal to the life of the organization took it to Marietta, in the Buckeye State. The first performance was a matinee, and the audience was in numbers not much larger than the proverbial "corporal's guard." The disconsolate business manager was hurrying out of the office on some errand to the "back" of the house, when he stumbled over a little girl dissolved into tears.

"What's the matter, little one?" he asked, forgetting his own troubles at this sad sight.

"I wants me money back!" yelled the youngster between wails.

"Don't you like the play?" asked the manager. "Don't get discouraged. You've seen only the first act."

"I don't care nuthin' 'bout the play," howled the little girl. "I'm afraid to set in that gallery all alone!"—June Lippincott's.

Quick-Witted Divines.

Dr. P. S. Henson once delivered his lecture on "Fools" at the New York Chautauqua. In introducing him, Bishop Vincent said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are now to listen to a lecture on 'Fools,' by one"—(the audience broke into a roar of laughter, and, after it had died away, Bishop Vincent added)—"of the most brilliant men in America."

Dr. Henson rose, and with a genial smile said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am not so great a fool as Bishop Vincent"—(another roar of laughter, after which the speaker added)—"would have you believe."—Judge.

It was a former archbishop of York—Dr. Thomson—who appeared once in the role of coachman. He had attended an evening party and on leaving the house, discovered that his coachman was drunk.

There appeared nothing for it but to drive home himself and the Archbishop, after placing the smiling but unconscious coachman inside the carriage, mounted the box and took the reins.

The monotony of the homeward journey was broken by a wheel of the carriage coming into violent collision with a stone just outside the entrance to Bishopthorpe.

The lodge keeper, unable to recognize the approaching figure in the darkness, called out, cheerily, "Hello, Bill; drunk again? And blowed if you ain't got the old cock's hat on!"

"It's the old cock himself," gravely responded his Grace.

Work is not hard; it is the eyes that are afraid of it.

Matrimonial Repartee.

She (in stern and rockbound accents)—You married me for better or worse, didn't you, Edgar?

He—Er—um—yes, I suppose so, my love.

She—Then what are you complaining about? I'm no worse than the average married woman, I can assure you!

He (meekly)—well, if that is the case, all I've got to say is I'm mighty glad—

She (breaking in)—Glad?

He—Yes. Glad I'm not a Mormon. Er—um—looks a trifle squally over to the northwest, doesn't it, Miranda?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Considerate.

Above the clanging of the engine Nero's fiddle squeaked its loudest.

"Funny time to play the fiddle when Rome is burning," scoffed the fat senator.

Nero chuckled.

"Best time of all. It can't disturb the neighbors.

And then the great man screeched forth the notes of "Ain't It a Shame, a Burning Shame?"—Chicago News.

Expert Figuring.

A well known actor tells a story of a ne'er-do-well in a little New England town where he has often spent his summers. "I was walking down the main street one day," said he, "when I saw old Silas grinning from ear to ear. I hardly thought that he was that glad to see me. So after speaking to him I said, "Why the smile that won't come off, Silas? What has happened to make you so happy this morning?' 'I've been a-gittin' married this mornin',' was the unexpected reply. 'Married! You?' I exclaimed. 'Why, Silas, what on earth have you done that for? You know you can't even support yourself as it is.' 'Waal,' said Silas, 'you see, it's this way: I ken purty near support myself, an' I kind of figured out that she could finish up the job.'"—Argonaut.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

An elderly lady who was suing a railroad company for slight injuries sustained in an accident went to her lawyer's office one morning to learn of the progress of the case. The lawyer had notified the company of the action, and the later agreed to compromise if the plaintiff would meet them half way.

When the lady sent her name in to the lawyer the office boy returned with the question:

"Mr. Breef wants to know what you'll take?"

"That's very considerate of Mr. Breef," replied the lady. "And, if it's all the same to him, I'll have a small glass of sherry."—June Lippincott's.

First student—I'm thinking about marrying that beautiful young girl I met yesterday!

Chum—For heaven's sake, old man, you haven't got anything to marry on!

First student—Don't be alarmed, old chap; I'm only thinking about it!—Town and Country.

A Bowing Acquaintance.

Two young men met a woman and one of them raised his hat immediately. "Who was that, Charlie?" asked one of them. "I don't know," was the reply. "Don't know! You must know, for you raised your hat to her." "Yes, but, you see, I'm wearing my brother's hat, and he knows her!"—London News.

Unmatched.

Brooks—My dear fellow, you need not thank me so profusely for a mere box of cigars.

Rivers—Oh, but you gave me a box of matches with them, you remember, and they were the best matches I ever used.—Tit-Bits.

"Have you Bike's baking powder?" inquired the female bargain-fiend.

"No, madam," answered the wily grocery-clerk; "but we have Bike's, which is just as good, but costs 18 cents more, and contains a coupon, which, when presented with 9,999 similar coupons entitles the holder to one guess at the number of minutes from now until the end of the world, the one coming nearest to a correct solution being rewarded with a certificate good for one year's subscription to 'The Cookladies and Laundry maids Gazette,' when accompanied by 39 cents in cash."

She bought Bike's and went away perfectly happy.—Puck.

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the World. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1655.

In Texas there is a man who carries on a regular trade in rattlesnakes.

Every day in this city thousands of persons eat too much at dinner, and, as a consequence, suffer from Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, &c. If these will take just one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after eating, they will be surprised by the entire absence of those unpleasant feelings which daily distress them, and may continue in their improper course of eating big dinners without fear. Only one little pill, remember.

In seven years only one passenger has been killed on the New South Wales railroads.

To get relief from indigestion, biliousness, constipation or torpid liver without disturbing the stomach or purging the bowels, take a few doses of Carter's Little Liver Pills, they will please you.

The capacity of the Atlantic cables is 800,000,000 words annually. Only 25,000,000 are sent.

If there ever was a specific for any one complaint, then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for sick headache, and every woman should know this. Only one pill a dose. Try them.

The Bible is printed in 600 languages.

Palpitation of the heart, nervousness, tremblings, nervous headache, cold hands and feet, pain in the back, and other forms of weakness are relieved by Carter's Iron Pills, made specially for the blood, nerves and complexion.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

A Time of Terror.

The house is full of little bits
Of cloth and ribbons, too;
And mother, she just smiles and sits
And sews, she whole day through;
And father says our noise must cease,
It's not a time for play,
'Cause Mamie's going to speak a piece
On graduation day.

Our relatives, both great and small,
Will all be here, I guess.
The neighbors, when they come to call,
Say, "What a lovely dress!"
We're like a lot of frightened geese,
All running every way,
'Cause Mamie's going to speak a piece
On graduation day.

She talks of Destiny and Fate,
I tell you, it's a bit.
And next she's in a nervous state,
For fear her clothes won't fit.
I half-way wish that the police
Would lock me up to stay,
'Till after Mamie speaks her piece
On graduation day.

—Washington Star.

An Awkward Mistake.

There was a young man from St. Paul,
Who was asked by a young lady to "call."
Having been on a lark
He arrived after dark
And kissed her grandma in the hall.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Song.

Now sing a song of summertime
And raise a joyful shout,—
The season of the speckled boy
And of the freckled trout.

—June Lippincott's.

The Vanity of Man.

He wore a modest early straw,
His wife a beehive bring;
They walked together, yet he thought
Folks turned to look at him.

—N. Y. Sun.

The Witty Warden.

"You'd hardly expect to find a sense of humor in prison officials," says an American representative on the International Prison Commission, "but during an inspection made by some Americans interested in penal matters of a penitentiary in England one of us was thus surprised.

"'I presume,' observed the American, 'that here, as elsewhere, you prison officials find existence painful enough.'

"'I think you may fairly say so, sir,' responded the warden, with a grim smile, 'seeing the number of felons we have on our hands.'"—June Lippincott's.

Couldn't Catch Him.

A young country chap once got a job in a city grocery. He was very cautious in his new berth—they had told him at home that the city people would try to josh him because he was green. He kept a sharp look out accordingly for joshers.

A sober old maid entered the grocery one morning.

"I want some bird seed, please," she said.

The new clerk sneered and answered scornfully:

"No; ye don't lady. Ye can't josh me. Birds grow from eggs, not seeds."—Chicago Journal.

The Attic Stretcher.

Procustus was fitting all comers to his bed.

"The 1909 fashion woman exactly fits," he cried. "She is a slat."

Herewith the style was vindicated.—New York Sun.

One of our best known citizens, who has been accustomed to sleep for several years in a familiar bed in a familiar room, took an adjoining chamber recently, after the house-cleaning period, and the first night's experience was a trying one, to say the least. About four o'clock he had a dream, and he dreamed that he was a boy again and was doing stunts in the good old summer time on one of the boro docks with other youthful companions who were taking headers into the cool and invigorating waters of the harbor. He planned to do likewise, so he took his stand on the wharf's edge and, with hands extended, plunged headlong through space and landed—on the floor of his room, a much confused man. His "dive" awoke all in the house, and until the matters was explained next day they thought an earthquake had been experienced.—Stonington Mirror.

In a certain theatre which makes a specialty of melodrama there is a large following of gallery "gods," and very naturally the "sky" assemblage is composed of knowing critics, who are loud in their demands to be pleased. Woe unto the actor who is unfortunate enough to incur their displeasure!

Recently a play with a hair raising plot was put on the boards. The hero was evidently new to his part, for he fumbled his lines badly and spoke in a faltering tone. Perhaps it was for this reason that he did not meet with the sympathy of the gallery.

Just before the crisis of the play the hero clasped his sweetheart in his arms and said:

"Keep a brave heart, my darling. The worst is yet to come."

Whereupon a voice that had no doubt received its training in crying "Extra!" on the street yelled out:

"What are y' goin' t' do, mister—sing?"—London Tit-Bits.

Nell—She admits she made a mistake in marrying a man old enough to be her grandfather.

Belle—Yes, she had an idea he would only live a few months, and they've been married nearly a year now.—Philadelphia Record.

"Her father offers her an income sufficient for her every want. Tells her to name her own figure."

"Won't such an allowance make her happy?"

"Not if she has to live within it."—Washington Herald.

Though cherishing the loftiest ideals, she still retained something of the quality of her sex.

"Is it—er—perfectly safe for a woman to drive?" she faltered, hesitatingly, as she hitched her wagon to a star.—Life.

Clerk—Here's an entertaining book—"What He Told His Wife."

Mr. Smith—I want something spicier.

Clerk—Then how about "What He Didn't Tell His Wife?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Sentimental Young Lady—Ah, Professor! what would this old oak say if it could talk?

Professor—It would say, "I am an elm."—Fliegende Blaetter.

The honeymoon is mostly over when the couple quit buying their meals in hotels and the bride tries to provide them at home.—New York Press.

Security Against Panics.

Regulation of Foreign Trade, Full Industrial Protection and a Merchant Marine.

Every generation must collect its own wisdom or go without. The founders of our Government provided their descendants with the means of security from panics. It is a wonder that our great so-called "educators" — such bright men as President Eliot, for instance—have not all of them caught on to these means. That they have not accounts for our panics since the Civil War.

The writer has often pointed out that shipping of our own and a fully Protective Tariff are the two essentials for the prevention of panics. These preventives lie in the exercise by Congress of the power conferred by clause 3 of section 8 of Article 1 of the Constitution. Acting together, they afford a pretty good security, but acting alone, one or the other absent or passive, there is always danger connected with our foreign trade. History will show that if we do our own work—make our goods largely in our own mills—and carry our own commerce, there need be little fear for panics. But with low Tariff or no Tariff, and only shipping for dependence, as was pretty much the case in 1837, our nation is not panic proof. It is the same with Tariff Protection without the help of a merchant marine, as since the Civil War.

The explanation is this: A large adverse balance of foreign debt should be avoided. Adverse balances will be at a minimum, or the balance will be favorable, by restricting imports and by carrying on our commerce with our own shipping mostly. Some say reduce the Tariff; make it as low as in our fathers' time. But the low Tariffs of our fathers' time prevailed when our merchant marine carried 80 to 90 per cent. of our trade, whereas now it carries but a tenth of such proportion. As our marine now stands, a perishing factor of small account, there is no wisdom in Tariff reduction. Any man of sense can see the point. Tariff haters should be strong shipping advocates. But to hate the mill and curse the marine at the same time—well, it is bad politics, very unpatriotic, and even worse.

In view of the above, it is amusing to read the statements and arguments of two Delaware papers—the one a Free-Trader, the other a Protectionist, neither of them able to reduce the theories of the other to absurdity. Only a little learning is ignorance.

Noah Arkwright.

Wild West Show.

The 101 Ranch Wild West Show, the only distinctively and exclusively authentic prairie amusement organization of the country, will visit this city on June 30, presenting afternoon and evening performances, and introducing itself with an elaborate and original forenoon street parade. Miller Bros. & Arlington, joint owners of the institution, make promise that nothing like the 101 Ranch traveling amusement adjunct in character or in magnitude has ever before been seen in this city. The real life of ranch and range and Indian camp will be reproduced in all its vivid and romantic picturesqueness by actual, living figures of the frontier.

The organization comes here direct from the Miller Bros'. ranch at Bliss Okla., the largest and most famous in all the world. Every one of the 700 members of the show is a permanent employee of the great prairie enterprise, paroled to give the public a truthful view of the life that has vitalized western history. They look upon their summer tour in the nature of a holiday lark. At its conclusion they will return to their duties among the thousands of horses and cattle which roam the 101 Ranch fertile acres.

There are three of the Miller Bros.—Joseph C., Zack T. and George L.—and they are the pride and wonder of Oklahoma and all of the other great southwest. Their land holdings embrace more than thirty square miles. They are survivors of the days of the buffalo drive and the emigrant trail, and are proving in these days of crowded cities and contracted commercialism that the stock industry, on a gigantic scale, is just as immensely profitable today as ever in the history of the country.

The 101 Ranch has remained intact in all its vastness, despite the influx of the small farmer into Oklahoma. Regulation quarter-section homesteads completely encircle its area, but the 101 Ranch range still remains largely unblocked and roads end and the trails begin there. Several tribes of Indians, living as primitively as in the old days, have their homes on the great tract and the buffalo wanders at will. Incidentally, the Millers own more than one-tenth of the present day number of this one distinctive American animal.

Election of Officers.

Second Baptist Church.

Clerk—Archibald B. Coggeshall.
Treasurer—William P. Carr.
Bible School Superintendent—Charles M. Cole.
Auditor—Nathaniel R. Swinburne.
Members of Advisory Committee, for one year—Philip B. Case, Henry T. Knowles, Hudson B. Kingman.
Missionary Committee—Mrs. Fannie L. Stewart, Mrs. Martha A. Stevens, Mrs. Martha C. Swinburne, Miss Ella W. Brownell, Mrs. George H. Richardson, George B. Smith, Philip B. Case, Archibald B. Coggeshall.
Committee on Baptism and Communion—William B. Franklin, Richard H. Freeborn, Hudson B. Kingman, George S. Oxx, Mrs. John G. Seabury, Mrs. Harwood E. Read, Mrs. Martin E. Hennell, Miss M. Elizabeth Barlow, Mrs. Albert K. Sherman, Mrs. William B. Franklin, Miss Sarah H. Manuel.
Visiting Committee—Miss Lizzie E. Ellis, Mrs. Archibald B. Coggeshall, Mrs. Fannie L. Stewart, Mrs. Mary E. Congdon, Mrs. Julia E. Kingman.
House Committee—Mrs. William B. Franklin, Mrs. Sarah W. Parker, Mrs. Albert K. Sherman, Mrs. Harwood E. Read.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented to Miller Brothers Proprietors of the Wild West No. 101 Ranch, the "Circus Lot" west side of Broadway and One Mile Corner for an equestrian exhibition there on the 30th June.

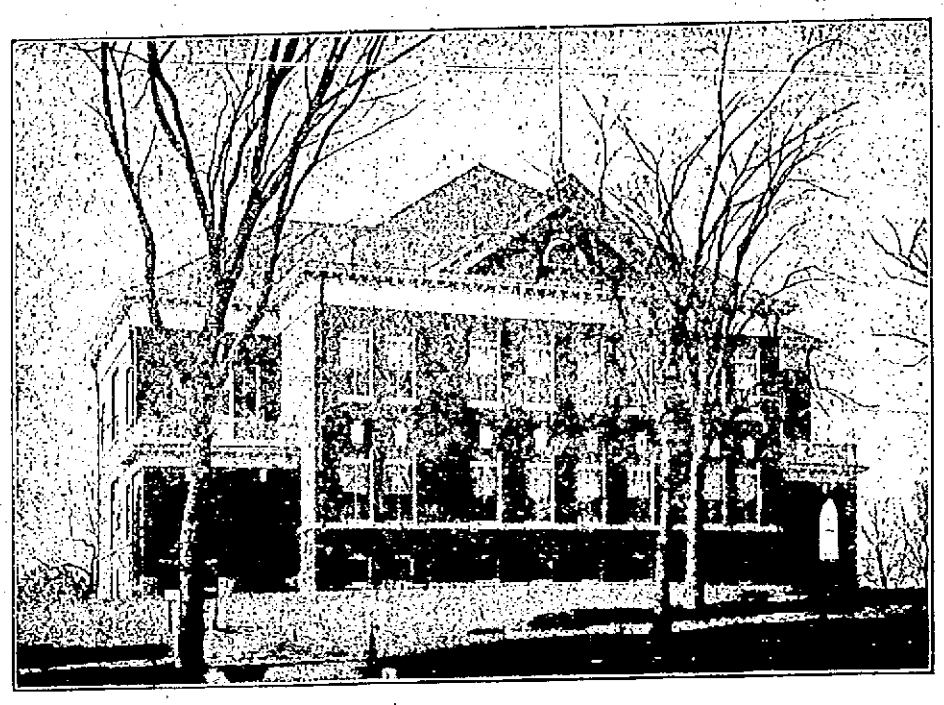
A. O'D. Taylor has rented for the heirs of the late George T. Dowling, the flat at 120 Bellevue avenue in Dowling's Block to Albert Frey of New York.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold to Albert Lewis of Pennsylvania, a lot of land containing about 25,000 feet on Easton's Point in Middletown, to complete a certain section of land on which Mr. Lewis has built a summer villa there. The seller of the lot is Edmund K. Arnold, Trustee.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented in Jamestown for the summer season, the cottage known as "Hedge Row" for Mrs. John G. Watson to Philip L. Poe of St. Louis.

"No man should write poetry until he is fully matured."

"Right. And after that he'll be ashamed to."—Cleveland Leader.



NORTH KINGSTOWN HIGH SCHOOL AT WICKFORD.

Graduation at N. K. High.

The graduating exercises of the Class of 1909 of the North Kingstown High School will be held on Monday next in the handsome new high school building recently completed in the village of Wickford. This is an institution that has developed wonderfully since its beginning only a few years ago, and now ranks well up with the schools of similar grade throughout the State. Under the direction of Principal A. A. Griffin, who took charge of the school at the beginning of the year, new life and energy have been incorporated and the students are now turned out in good condition to face their life's work or to enter the higher institutions of learning. Rev. F. D. Blake, superintendent of schools of the town, devotes much of his time to the development of the high school in which the whole town takes a great interest. School spirit is well exemplified in the handsome little magazine, "The Junior," which is published each year by members of the Junior Class.

The members of the graduating class this year are as follows:

Edith Wilson Coggeshall.
Frederick Wesley Edwards.
Clara Thomas Lewis.
Lizzie Amanda Merithew.
Annie Evelyn Ottley.
Jane Roberta Ottley.
Agnes May Phillips.
Emma Merton Phillips.
Fred Sheldon Phillips.
James Irving Rose.
Marguerite Eaton Sawyer.
Maude Gertrude Sawyer.
Georgianna Wood.

OPEN SHOP BASIS FOR NINETY DAYS

Hat Manufacturers Will Then Recognize Union Label

Danbury, Conn., June 9.—The hatters' strike, which has been in progress in the twenty-three factories in this city, New Milford and Bethel since Jan. 16, was practically brought to a close when fifteen of the manufacturers agreed to open their factories for a ninety days' period on the open shop basis.

With the return to work of the strikers the manufacturers agree to resign from the Hat Manufacturers' association and to allow all difficulties to be settled by arbitration, with the exception of the use of the union label, which will be resumed at the end of the ninety days' period, when the manufacturers have severed their connection with the Manufacturers' association.

Danbury makes 90 percent of the stiff hats made in the United States.

Spain Wants Money From Cuba

Paris, June 9.—A special dispatch from Madrid says that the Spanish government considers that the Cuban debt was not repudiated by the treaty of Paris and that the claim will be followed up.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

Governor Quinby has appointed Mrs. Lillian C. Streeter to represent the town of Bath, N. H., of which she is a native, at the historical pageant to be held in the city of Bath, Eng.

A total of $111,000 has been pledged toward the erection of a Masonic home, according to a report rendered at the quarterly communication of the Massachusetts grand lodge of Masons.

TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES

The Annual State Examinations for Teachers' Certificates will occur on Thursday and Friday, July 1 and 2, 1909, at the Rhode Island Normal School, Providence.

Provided six or more persons make application therefor, examinations will also be held in each of the following places: Newport, Rogers High School; Woonsocket, High School; Westerly, High School; East Greenwich, Academy; North Scituate, Grammar School; but no examinations will be held in any place for less than six applicants.

Examinations will begin each day promptly at 9 o'clock a. m.

On THURSDAY, examinations in Arithmetic, English, Geography, History, Physiology, Reading and Spelling for both Third and Fourth Grade Certificates in Academic Subjects for First and Second Grade Certificates, in Providence ONLY.

On FRIDAY, examination in Professional Subjects for all Grades.

Any person purposing to take the examinations must, on or before June 25, notify the undersigned of the grade of certificate for which, and the place at which he intends to take the examination.

WALTER E. RANGER,
Secretary State Board of Education.
Box 1551, Providence. 6-12-2w

NEWPORT, WEDNESDAY June 30

RESERVED SEAT Sale Day of Exhibition at BARNEY'S MUSIC STORE.

OUT-O-DOOR FURNITURE.

The easy swing, comfortable back, the right sitting seat, the correct style and the sort of stock that stands the sun and rain season after season—that's piazza furniture that's cheap to buy no matter what the price, and yet

Rockers and chairs to match, in green or natural finish, .85

Large Arm Chairs, with slat back, in green or natural finish, $1.65

Large Arm Rockers, with slat back, in green or natural finish, $1.75

Canvas Hammocks, with wind shield and mattress, as comfortable and lasting as the one you sleep on, $10.00

Outside Bark Bamboo Porch Shades—the only sort that's cheap to buy.

6x8	.90
8x8	$1.15
10x8	$1.50

Garden Seats in red, green or natural finish, .85

A. C. TITUS CO.,

225-229 THAMES STREET, - NEWPORT, R. I.

A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. The cost is the same.

WE have the Companies.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

169 THAMES STREET.

On Time for Once

No worry about baggage; it is there if you arrange by Telephone for its transportation.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,

NEWPORT, R. I. 142 SPRING STREET

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE.

"Are you fond of works of imagination?"

"Well, I read the weather reports every morning."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

WANTED

SUCCESSFUL boarding house-keeper to hire or manage successful country hotel. W. O. PECKHAM, Westfield, N. J. 10-17

In Ancient Times

Poor pianos cost a good deal. Now the best ones are comparatively low priced.

Just because your great-grandfather got along without a piano is no reason you should do so. Drop in, and we'll help you think about it.

Barney's

Music Store

154 Thames Street

If You Are Planning A Vacation

You Will Want This Book

More than a thousand summering places in the most charming sections of New England are mentioned in this book.

It contains a list of the best hotels and boarding colleges and their rates. Other information that will prove equally helpful to the summer tourist is contained in this

Manual of Summer Resorts

Superb service on the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. Choose anyone of the charming spots in the territory served by this railroad and you will have more vacation enjoyment than you ever had before.

A copy will be sent for two-cent stamp by A. H. Smith, General Passenger Agent, Room 139 New Haven, Conn.

Other summer publications issued by this railroad include.

Quaint Cape Cod, Narragansett Pier.
Buzzards Bay, Watch Hill,
Nantucket, North Shore of Long Island Sound.
In the Berkshire Hills

Either book sent upon receipt of two-cent stamp.

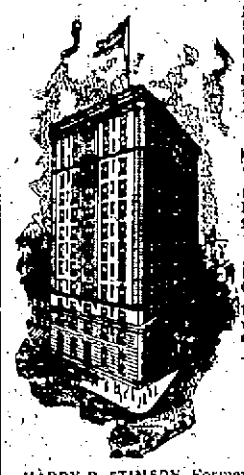
New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company.

6-22

Hotel Cumberland

NEW YORK

BROADWAY AT 54TH STREET



Near 50th st. Subway Station, 53d St. Elevated and all surface lines.

Near Depots, Shops and Central Park

New & Fireproof

Strictly First Class. Rates Reasonable.

$2.50 with bath, $3.50 up.

All Hardwood Floors and Oriental Rugs

Ten minutes' walk to 20 Theatres.

Excellent Restaurant Prices moderate.

Send for booklet

HARRY P. STIMSON, Formerly with Hotel Imperial.
R. J. BINGHAM, Formerly with Hotel Woodward.

Only New York Hotel window-screened throughout.

5-29—tf

CITY OF NEWPORT.

Notice to Registry Voters.

ALL PERSONS who are required to register their names in order to vote in this city during the present year are reminded that they must register in person at the City Clerk's Office, before 9 o'clock p. m., Wednesday, June 30, 1909.

The office is open from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., daily, and for the accommodation of those who cannot attend in the day time, it will be open evenings as follows:

Tuesday, June 1; Thursday, June 3; Saturday, June 5; Monday, June 7; Wednesday, June 9; Saturday, June 12; Monday, June 14; Wednesday, June 16; Saturday, June 19; Monday, June 21; and on every evening from Wednesday, June 23, to Wednesday, June 30 (except Sundays).

On all of the above named days the office will be open from 9 o'clock a. m. to 9 o'clock p. m.

The Deputy City Clerk will be at the First Ward Room Friday, June 11; at the Second Ward Room Tuesday June 15; at the Third Ward Room Thursday, June 17; at the Fourth Ward Room Friday, June 18; and at the Fifth Ward Room Tuesday, June 22, from 7 to 9 o'clock p. m.

F. N. FULLERTON, City Clerk.

6-5-1w

THE ISLAND SAVINGS BANK.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Corporation of this bank, for the election of trustees for the year ensuing, will be held at the banking rooms of the National Exchange Bank on Wednesday, June 16, 1909, at 8 o'clock p. m. GEORGE H. PROUD, Secretary.

6-5-2w

OLDSMOBILE.

The Olds Motor Works

have cancelled their Agency with the Davis Auto Co., of Providence, and have made us their

STATE AGENTS.

We are now ready to give demonstrations. Catalogues sent upon request.

THE PELEG BROWN CO.,

Colonial Garage,

NARRAGANSETT PIER, R. I.

5-29-2m

Private Wires. Tel. 1820

B. O. GROSS,

COMMISSION STOCK BROKER

Mercury Building,

Newport, R. I.

Correspondent of WM. IVES & CO., members of the New York Consolidated Stock Exchange.

Stocks and bonds bought and sold for cash or carried on margin.

8-28-tf

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

State Board of Public Roads.

Notice to Automobilists.

The State Board of Public Roads will be at the Court House, Newport, R. I., every Thursday, beginning May 27th, 1909, for the purpose of registering Automobiles, and issuing Operators' Licenses from 10.00 a. m. to 4.00 p. m.

5-22-tf

IT'S IT.

Cheapest and Best,
Will not taint Water
Acid and Alkali Proof
Waterproof and time-defying
Requires no coating for many years
Coated both sides, won't rot underneath
Can be used on steep or flat roofs
Can be applied over old roofs
Elastic and Pliable,
Fire-Resisting.

WHAT IS IT?

CONGO

Never-Leak Roofing.

WHO DOES IT?

BILL SHEPLEY,

7 Oak Street.

6-2-1f

USE

Diamond Hill BIRD —AND— Poultry Grit,

FREE FROM DUST, White and Clean, INSURES Healthy Fowl.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

MANUFACTURED BY

Newport Compressed Brick Co

Newport, R. I.

6-2-tf

SHOES

FOR EVERY NEED, AT THE

T. Mumford Seabury COMPANY,

214 Thames Street.

A Full Line of all the NEW AND Improved Varieties OF VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY

Fernando Barker.

Carr's List.

Elizabeth Visits America, by Elinor Glyn.
Cherub Devine, by Sewell Ford.
The Inner Shrine, a novel of today.
The Journal of a Neglected Wife, by Mabel Herbert Urner.
The White Mice, by Richard Harding Davis.
Romance of a Plain Man, by Ellen Glasgow.
Making Wireless Outfits. Price 25c.
Self-Cultivation in English, by George H. Palmer, LL. D. Price 10c.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.